

FILM

INTERNATIONAL

Exclusive
ROMY
SCHNEIDER

Interview by Anne Head

SEX & THE NEW VIOLENCE IN CINEMA

By Charles Champlin

THE FUTURE OF EROTIC FILMS:

Arthur Knight in New Orleans
Ken Gaul in New York



Don't Miss Valerie Perrine



Plus: The Super Star
Monopoly—Who and Why?;
The Candidates for Future
Super-Stardom; Has The AFI
Gone Hollywood? Profiles of
Debra Raffin, Clint Eastwood
and much more.

**in the Next Issue of
FILM INTERNATIONAL**

How To Criticize Movies For Fame And Profit

By Robert Carroll

NOTE: This month's column is being given over to Professor John Beastley, who conducts a seminar on "Creative Film Criticism" at the New Jersey State College of the Arts, located in Belthard, New Jersey. The remarks below were made at the conclusion of the seminar, and I have Professor Beastley's permission to quote them in full.—R.C.

IN GOING over your assigned movie critiques, I can see that a good many of you are not yet ready to enter the world of professional film reviewing. In general, the major faults I have noticed include fair-mindedness, intelligent analysis, too much respect for film-makers, faint praise, faint blame, and, worst of all, a balanced point of view. Anyone who wishes to build a name for himself in the field and to make of film criticism a lucrative career must eliminate these faults quickly and thoroughly. Unless he does, he runs the risk of alienating the reader and filmgoer. The worst thing a film critic can do, of course, is bore his readers, and, therefore, he must find a way to avoid this. First and foremost, a critic is himself an entertainer.

You are all aware that in recent years film critics have risen in importance, to the extent that some of them are stars in their own right. Their words are quoted in movie ads across the country; they appear on TV talk shows before national audiences; they criss-cross the country, lecturing for fees equal to those obtained by convicted Watergate figures. While there are shortages of film stars and film directors, there are

more well-known critics than ever before. Naturally, the competition among them is intense, for there is only so much room for quotes in the ads.

The most important thing for you to remember is that the critic must make himself more significant than the films he reviews. He must seize the reader's attention by asserting himself through his prejudices. The words used to describe movies must be strong. Thus, excellent words to add to your critical vocabulary are

of loathsome junk on its ticket-buying audience, has reached even deeper into its smelly trash barrel for *Guns In The Night*, directed by the pitifully persevering James Frankbender. Frankbender has made dreadful pictures before, but he has over-reached himself with his current slice of pretentious cheese. So abysmal is the idiocy occurring on the long-suffering screen that the mind of any reasonably sensible viewer is insulted beyond endurance. Certainly this one was, and I shall



The Towering Inferno's director John Guillermin went unnoticed in reviews.

"rotten," "loathsome," "abysmal," "ludicrous" (in the pejorative sense), "idiotic," "senseless," "base," "pointless," and others in a list you can pick up at the conclusion of this class.

Here, for instance, is a sample of the critical prose of David Slaver, a frequent guest on several important talk shows: "Hollywood, much given to the infliction

waste no further words on the baseness of what has been perpetrated by Frankbender."

Now there is an example of truly professional and commercial film criticism. Note that Slaver does not deign to describe what actually goes on in the movie. Not necessary. Notice how cleverly he upgrades himself with the use of the relatively modest "any reason-

ably sensible viewer," by which he means himself, and how he puts the director in his place, deserved or not. Those of you who reviewed *Guns In The Night* for your trial assignment made the mistake of implying you had enjoyed the picture, that you had found the director's work skillful within the limitations of the subject matter, and that you felt audiences would also enjoy the film. I can say categorically that you'll never get anywhere with that kind of namby-pamby approach. There are only two acceptable ways to review movies: you must either hate them to an extreme, or love them lavishly.

For an example of the last approach I can cite for you Rex Headstrong's review of the same film, also excellent in its way. "James Frankbender, an exponent of the high art of screen violence is at his masterful peak with *Guns In The Night*. I can say, without qualification, that it is far and away the best film I have seen this week, and that it will rank high among the ten best films of the month. Frankbender has lucidly conveyed the visual poetry of bullets in slow-motion, splattering blood, flesh, and gristle, making of it stunning screen patterns almost surrealistic in their artistic power. At its end, as Clint Bronson stands with his two smoking revolvers, the scene freezes and the screen turns a blood red, surely a remarkable and symbolic finish for a film that gives significance and relevance to these violence-ridden times."

You will notice how Rex Headstrong has cannily employed phrases that will give ad writers a wide choice of blurbs. Among them are: FRANKBENDER AT



Any film by Ingmar Bergman (above) must always be reviewed with proper respect. Barbra Streisand (below) should be given praise for her beauty and talent.



HIS MASTERFUL PEAK... FAR AND AWAY THE BEST FILM I HAVE SEEN... STUNNING ARTISTIC POWER...

Not for nothing is Rex Headstrong so frequently quoted in the ads, although he has keen competition from Julie Corker, and

Paula Shalott, who also contribute phrases in their columns that ad writers will seize upon.

Now, as you know, a hundred or more highly skilled craftsmen and technicians are likely to be employed in the making of a movie. Some of you felt the need to mention not only the director and stars, but also the producer, the screenwriter, the cameraman, the art director, the costume designer, and a good many of the featured players. But it is highly unprofessional to do so. The only names that usually need appear in a movie review are, first, the director's, and second, one or two of the stars'. There are occasional exceptions, one being when the producer's name is better known than the director's. Thus, no need to discuss the director of *The Towering Inferno*. Mention only Irwin Allen, the producer. We've all heard of him, but can any of you name the director?

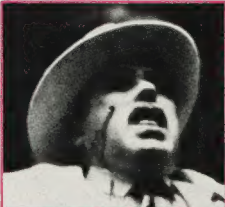
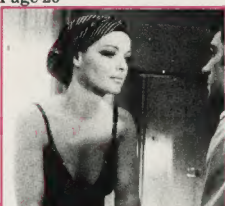
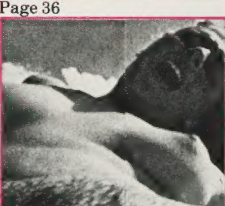
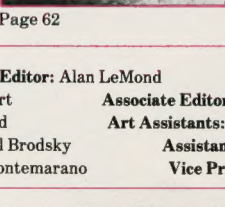
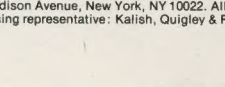
NOTE: Two members of the class said that they thought John Guillermin had directed *The Towering Inferno*. Three named John Frankenheimer, and other names mentioned were Steven Spielberg, Franklin Schaffner,

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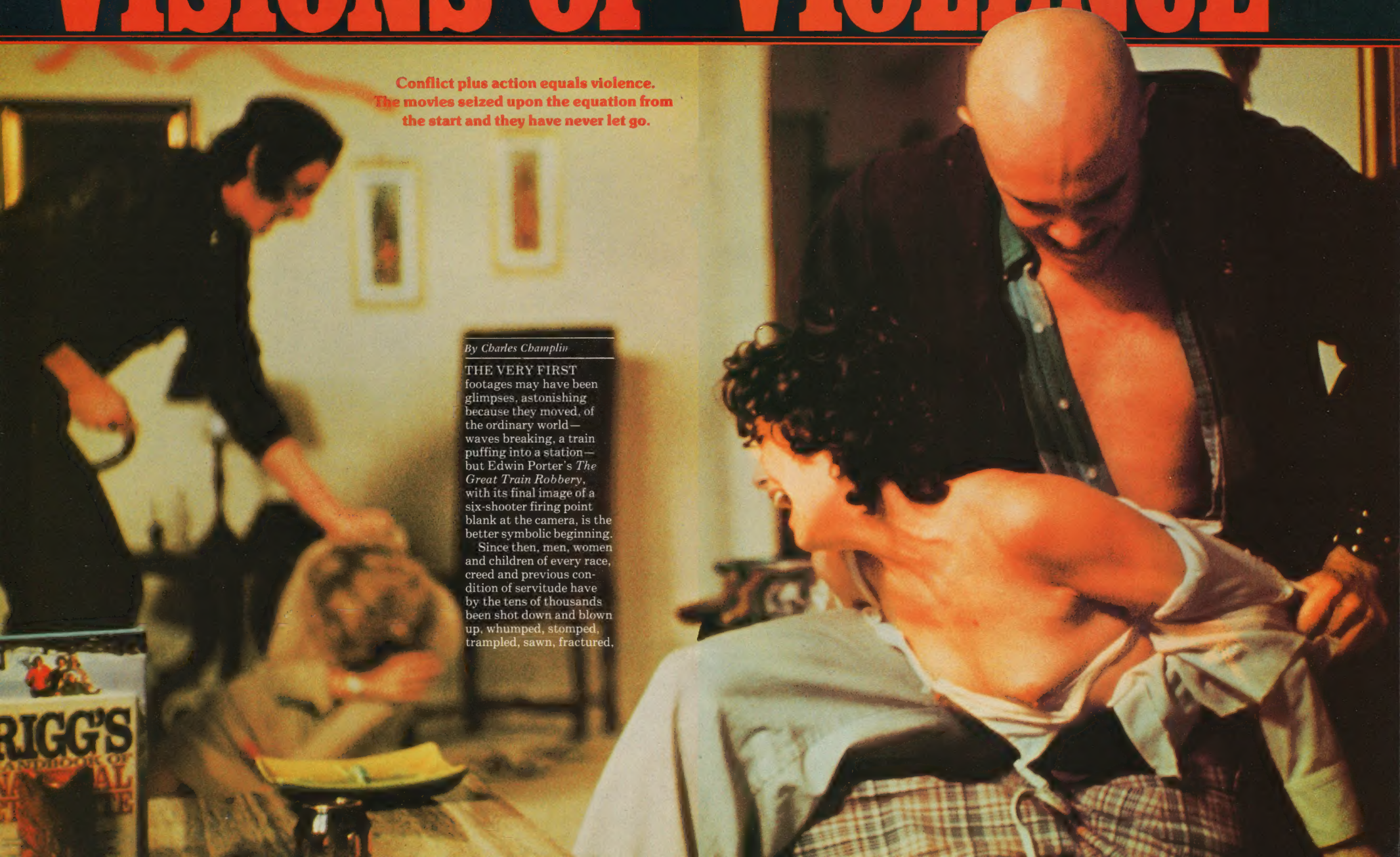
VISIONS OF VIOLENCE

Conflict plus action equals violence.
The movies seized upon the equation from
the start and they have never let go.

By Charles Champlin

THE VERY FIRST footages may have been glimpses, astonishing because they moved, of the ordinary world — waves breaking, a train puffing into a station — but Edwin Porter's *The Great Train Robbery*, with its final image of a six-shooter firing point blank at the camera, is the better symbolic beginning.

Since then, men, women and children of every race, creed and previous condition of servitude have by the tens of thousands been shot down and blown up, whumped, stomped, trampled, sawn, fractured,





Violence Then

Filmmakers of the 60s began to seriously explore violence as a major movie theme. It became the trademark of a number of directors and dominated the work of Sam Peckinpah, whose *Straw Dogs* (left) chilled both public and critics with its message of violence as a rite of passage to manhood. Stanley Kubrick, whose masterful *Clockwork Orange* is shown top left and right, took his theme a step further, projecting the brutality of his own time into a sci-fi world of the future. Kubrick's elegantly choreographed scenes of rape and destruction and Peckinpah's unflinching camera won both directors critical acclaim as well as censure for the exploitative aspects of their filmmaking.

punctured, bruised, defenestrated, whipped, strangled, scalped, scalded, snake bit, poisoned, burned, thrown from cars, trains, planes and boats, booby-trapped, crushed, stabbed, impaled, struck with darts, arrows, spears and daggers, slashed with swords, smothered, fried, cannibalized and scared to death.

The curious and revealing thing is that there was so little outcry over all this blood-letting until comparatively recent years. There have always been those in the society who feared and despised nearly everything the movies did, and who included film violence in the long litany of their discontents. But the ground-swell of Middle American agitation which

led in the 1930s to the Legion of Decency and the Hays Code were whipped up mainly by matters of sex, not significantly by matters of violence.

In relative terms, nothing has changed. Movies are busted for sex, not violence, and the struggles to come up with an appeal-proof definition of what constitutes obscenity have not to my knowledge embraced the idea that violence can be obscene. The censorship bills in the legislatures and the ballot initiatives (like California's Proposition 18 a couple of years ago) are precise about what what's not nice sexually.

There have been some exceptions. The Industry Code and

Rating Administration gave an X rating to *The Gore-Gore Girls* in 1969 and only recently a major motion picture (New Line Cinema's *The Street Fighter*) received an X solely on the grounds of its violence.

But if even now in the mid-1970s American society is still more up-tight about sex than about violence, there have nevertheless been profound changes in the nature of film violence and in the concern over what it may be doing to us.

It is now clear that the opening up of the American screen in the 1960s, the casting off of reticences which had been imposed by the Code, the courts and not least by a kind of unwritten consensus on



Violence Now

Violence is as commercially viable today as ever, but audiences are no longer motivated to see the relatively small scale havoc wrought by 60s filmmakers. In the 70s a new kind of mayhem took over the screen. The point blank shootings and general bloodletting that drew crowds to see films like *The Godfather* and *Godfather II* (left and below) gave way to the holocausts of glossy high budget disaster films. While some critics found their action uncomfortably literal and often all too credible, blockbusters such as *Earthquake*, and *The Towering Inferno*, with its human torches blown across the screen, were nevertheless nightly sellouts across the U.S.



what was acceptable, affected not only language, themes, nudity and sexual conduct, but also violence.

As we watched blood spurt from a fresh-cut throat in Sam Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch*, or saw Bonnie and Clyde fall dying in a storm of bullets in that poetic, graphic and horrifying slow motion ballet which ended Arthur Penn's film, a whole convention of movie violence was being overturned.

The nice, comforting distinction between violence as an element of story-telling and violence as a fact of life was blurred. It was all still make-believe, of course, clever artifice, but suddenly violence was handled in a way which would no longer let us ignore the implications or the real-life resonances of what we watched. In his celebrated and courageous change of mind about the merits of *Bonnie and Clyde*, Joseph Morgenstern of *Newsweek* said that the movie showed that killing kills. Yes, and that gunshot wounds are ugly and painful, even agonizing, and that death is not a sweet and easeful sleep but a permanent state, often arrived at gruesomely.



The wasteful irony of wartime killing was eloquently demonstrated in *All Quiet on the Western Front* nearly a half-century ago. Yet the overwhelming use of violence then and, less overwhelmingly, now, was diversionary. And the compact between

screen and watcher was that it was all good, gory fun or maybe good, gory drama whose reverberations were guaranteed not to last much beyond the foyer on the way to the street. The gangsters strewn around the hooch-filled warehouse or the gunslingers



Actors are scorched, trapped, and brutally intimidated in (clockwise from top) *Rollerball*, starring James Caan as an athlete of the future, *The Towering Inferno*, and *Framed*, with Joe Don Baker.



crumpled in the dust outside the false-front Long Branch saloon, would arise and dust themselves off and proceed to the commissary for chicken salad sandwiches, and it was a comfort to think of it that way. It was cathartic.

Violence in the movies has been

more prevalent since the 1930s than it might have been, because the Hays Code, which went into effect in 1934, so sharply restricted the themes movies could handle and puritanically inhibited the visible relations between men and women. Even couples estab-

lished as respectably married could not be shown sharing a double-bed. Necessity mothered the often admirably handled film conventions of innuendo and metaphor (latter-day waves breaking over warm rocks) as ways of

(Continued on page 108)

Warhol's Ultra- Violence

By William Christopher

IT BEGINS and immediately you recognize that something has changed in the Warhol School of Decorating: the settings are almost lyrical, the colors soft, muted, the rural Italian setting downright sylvan. This is Warhol country? Where is the tawdry? Where is the urban glitz, the Lower East Side, the Hollywood Hills of earlier Warhol/Morrissey pervo-kitsch epics? Warhol's collection of museum quality Art Deco and his publicized dates with one-time Hollywood star, the now rich and very social Paulette Goddard must have prettied up the mind inside that platinum head, one fears. But hold on. The Warhol-produced, Morrissey-directed *Frankenstein* has got some kinks only a



cattle surgeon could love. The Guccione / Penthouse-esque photography is setting you up for a trip ankle-deep in gore. Together with the film that follows it, *Dracula*, *Frankenstein* (the two movies were made, back to back, in a few weeks last summer in Italy) is Warhol's answer to the question, "After *Heat* and *Trash* and *Women in Revolt* how can you get much farther out?" The Answer: blood, guts and gore. Warhol is out to make violence as chic as he once did transvestites and junkies in his earlier money-makers.

Baron Frankenstein, played by a Yugoslavian actor named Udo

Several scenes from Dracula depict the blood and gore in the Morrissey-directed film.





Andy Warhol's *Frankenstein*, directed by Paul Morrissey, features Udo Kier as the Baron von Frankenstein, Srdjan Zelenovic as his monster creation, and Warhol superstar Joe Dallesandro as a field hand caught exploring in the Baron's laboratory. Morrissey's recent *Dracula* (this page) requires the blood of virgins to appease his appetite, which *Dracula* finds scarce in this modern era of promiscuity. In the photo at left, Paul Morrissey and Joe Dallesandro sit around *Dracula*'s (Udo Kier) coffin. At top of page *Dracula* is in a very weakened condition due to the fact that he mistakenly ingested the blood of a non-virgin, something which his body will not tolerate.



Kier with patent-leather hair, a serious case of chronic petulance and a middle-European accent, lives in a castle with his sister, played by the durable and beautiful Monique Van Vooren. This unlikely brother-and-sister act have sired a pair of children—remember, this is Warhol; straight sex gets the shrift you might expect—but, exquisite as they are, they're not quite up to the Baron's standards. He wants a master race that will restore the lost vigor of his enervated race. To this end, he and his assistant, played by a young Peter Lorre type who makes the original look as wholesome as Howdy Doody, are stitching up a pair of elegant monsters who will make babies, and found a tribe, all of whom will be subservient to Frankenstein.

Discarded chunks of corpses litter the Frankenstein family lab; great swollen scars traipse over the bodies of the two zombies, one of which, the male, needs a head. Specifically, he has need of a horny head, one thinking thoughts

sexy enough to get himself worked up over the female. So, armed with a giant set of hedge clippers, the Baron and his assistant are off to the local whore house. Unfortunately for one seminarian-to-be and the Baron's plans, the wrong head is secured. They want a young farm hand, played by Warhol house stud Joe Dallesandro; in his stead, they decapitate Dallesandro's buddy, about as interested in sex as Ronald Reagan is in socialism. But sexy or not, the blood spurts and the gore rises.

Down in the lab more gentle moments occur. "Now I go into her digestive parts," the Baron oozes as he rips casually into the belly of his lady zombie, pushing bloody tubes and organs aside. "To know death, Otto, you must first fuck life in the gall bladder," he coolly informs his assistant after balling the female zombie in an incision. (Is an incisional orgasm more intense than a clitoral one, Dr. Masters?) In-

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FIRST OF ALL, there are those eyes. Those seductive little saucers just a smidgeon moist, a smidgeon mournful, longing, that lurk down in the darker depths while patiently awaiting their desired prey. James Dean had those eyes, screwing them into a legendary leer that launched a zillion wayward ships. Brando had them, too. So did the electric young Elvis, as did Paul McCartney in his own adorable way. In 1975 those eyes are as sexy and alluring as ever, and they belong to David Essex, whose considerable talents have pushed his baby blues from relative obscurity to the top of the movie and rock music mountain in less than a couple of years.

Essex is a 27-year-old Englishman who first leapt to world-wide prominence a year ago with his smash hit song called "Rock On." The slow, dirge-like homage to the memory of James Dean and his haunted progeny captivated radio listeners more than any song in recent years. The tune was



David Essex is singer-guitarist Jim MacLaine in *Stardust*, the story of a fictionalized rock music superstar.

strange, the treatment was stranger, the lyrics were both mindful and compelling—a rarity in this tinselled time of silly pop and derivative rock. Followed closely by his equally successful first album of the same name,

"Rock On" surged to the top of the record charts around the globe in a matter of weeks. This sudden good fortune ambushed the unsuspecting Essex: "The success of 'Rock On' was surprising because it was really a very distinctive and original sound. It was quite difficult for a lot of people to get into, I think. It was eerie. A bit unsettling, maybe. I really liked it, but I wasn't sure if my tastes were the tastes of people listening to the radio—although it turned out to be. I was rather stunned, I guess."

Stardust is both the latest David Essex hit and the title song for his second motion picture. This plaintive number signals the end of the line for Jim MacLaine, a ballsy English lad who flees the void of proletarian boredom for the blinding lights of the rock and roll stage. Essex delivers a perfect, mannered performance as the fated modern Faust, and thereby completes a role he had earlier created in *That'll Be the Day*, a popular but more parochial piece which co-starred Ringo Starr. In the first movie, Jim



STARDUST



"The Stray Cats," now at their peak, arrive in L.A. for a concert appearance.

MacLaine is seen as a directionless but hopeful youngster eager for a chance to make his way in a world more meaningful than the one he's inherited. The final scene suggests an escape route: MacLaine risks his last precious pence on an electric guitar. *Stardust* takes up with him paying his dues in small London cafes, playing bass in a band called "The Stray Cats." The character and his situation, while familiar to the point of cliché, reeks nonetheless of an uncompromising honesty, and it is this honesty that makes Jim MacLaine a figure that young viewers can relate to. David Essex, for one, does, explaining: "Jim MacLaine is, I suppose, the epitome of the working class hero. All of a sudden, in the late 1950s things started happening in England. Before that, you didn't have a thing—you didn't have the John Lennons and Pete Townshends you have today. It was always a really entrenched thing—you did what your father did. Without any money you were forced to simply carry on, that's all there was to it."

"In the late fifties everything really had to be American, and that's why I wrote 'Rock On'—because of the enormous influence of people like James Dean, and Presley, and all those truly huge heroes. You know, they actually turned out to be bigger in England than they were in America. There just wasn't anything like a true English identity in

music, in music of the people.

"An identity change finally started to take place. The American influence started to die down, and all of a sudden these worn-off people finally began to make things happen, they started wanting to be different. These people started to think for themselves. And so there's this Jim MacLaine character, a guy who really was a revolutionary—without even the slightest idea that he was—who was working to escape everyday, mundane work, and succeeded through photography, art forms, and rock. Jim MacLaine

is not an intellectual or anything that special; he just wanted very badly to make a statement and be different. There were lots of people like that."

The real-life story of David Essex began in Plaistow, East London ("The best people in the world are from the East End," claims Essex with a smile) on July 23, 1947. His early education took place at Custom School House beside the River Thames—or so he's told. Like the majority of future artists or musicians, young David's mind was rarely involved with such unexciting fare as arithmetic and English grammar, preferring instead to dream about music, his major obsession even then. While his memories of those early school days are understandably vague, he does recall a certain glance inside a music shop window one fateful afternoon. There he spied a set of drums that captured his fancy so much that he relentlessly begged his docker father to purchase them, which the good man did. That drum set changed Essex's life forever.

By the age of 14, Essex had joined a rhythm and blues band, for whom he sang and pounded the skins. The group was one of many that were then forming, playing the local pubs and handling minor dance hall gigs. Although the band came through with a limited recording contract at a very early stage in its growth



*French actress Ines Longchamps, introduced in *Stardust*, plays the role of Danielle, loyal but troubled girlfriend of Jim MacLaine (David Essex).*

—much like “The Stray Cats” in *Stardust*—their progress was stultified by a combination of factors. One of which was a headstrong kid named David Essex.

“It was a shame, really, that back in ‘63 and ‘64, when I was playing drums and singing with the band, I had this totally closed mind to quite a lot of very good music. My outlook was so narrow that everything I thought was good had to be obscure, and black. This was a big problem I had, and I had it for about five years. Now I’ve reacted against all that. If you listen to the tunes on my albums you’ll see that I’m writing in a lot of different areas, a kind of backlash against the fixation with blues music that I had. I’d actually made that group into a blues band, and I was making supposedly commercial records that never really were commercial, even with the record company telling me what to do and all.”

At that point, Essex and Jim MacLaine were running neck and neck. Like MacLaine and “The Stray Cats,” Essex was traveling around, hustling, trying to break through. After about two years of wondering how the hell the Beatles had done it, Essex “conked out” with pneumonia. When he returned to London to rejoin the band, he found the situation a shambles. “Everything was crumbling a bit because of money and equipment going wrong. The band was being managed by Derrick Bowman, who’s my manager now, and he said to me ‘Well, why don’t you try theater?’ I said OK and began auditioning through a repertory company—a progressive one, I suppose—and got this job in *The Fantasticks*.

“In 1967, when all this was happening, rock began to go through its big changes with the whole cosmic thing. I was pretty much removed from the mainstream, and managed to circumvent all of that. I think that was a lucky break for me and my development. Theater had really adopted me by then. I’d gotten a good name as one of the top young actors in theater, so I was all the way out in left field—and it worked, there was something quite natural between me and theater. Really a bit of a fluke.”

(Continued from page 83)



Why Susan Blakely Is Happy And Cries A Lot



FI Interview By Sebastian Jenner

EVERY YEAR or so, it seems, there comes along in moviedom a new young actress who, most everyone agrees, might be the next big star. Surprisingly often she'll be blonde, and, if the hair coloring is true, she'll have blue eyes, too. One year she's Jane Fonda, and another year Mamie Van Doren, and sometimes she

disappears into relative oblivion and sometimes she doesn't. There was Pamela Tiffin, and where is she? Then there was Karen Black, who's certainly still very much in evidence. Ali McGraw sky-rocketed her way to world-wide attention in *Goodbye, Columbus*, but has apparently settled for domesticity with Steve McQueen. Last year it was Valerie Perrine, and this year—well, the number one

Susan Blakely is an undercover narc in Report to the Commissioner (above).

candidate is blonde, blue-eyed Susan Blakely.

You'll find her married to Richard Chamberlain in *The Towering Inferno*, worried about what he may have done to her father's pet skyscraper, and she's





People are beginning to recognize her in the street, and that makes her nervous.

an undercover narc in *Report to the Commissioner*, making it with a dope peddler in hopes of making an important bust, and she's Rita Crawford, madcap society girl of the 20s and companion of Capone in *Big Al*. And, if you'll look closely, you'll see her crossing the street in Warren Beatty's *Shampoo*.

So busy has she been, of late, that she thinks it's time to slow down and take stock. People are already beginning to recognize her on the street, and that makes her nervous. "A year ago," she said, in her suite at New York's posh Sherry-Netherland—she was in town for a whirlwind week of publicity reaping for her films—"I'd have been happy to do a lot of the parts that have been coming up, but right now I'm being selective. I have to be careful, because I want to establish myself as an actress. I want to make sure that all my parts are different. It's especially hard for someone who was a model. They don't look too kindly on models in the movie business.

Susan talks fast. The words come streaking out and if you don't listen closely you miss half the things she says. She's all lithe, lean energy, her face piquantly pretty, her figure tall and athletic, and sexily feminine at the same time. She's twenty-five, married, totally self-assured, and in her own estimation, a together kind of person, sometimes amazing to her older friends. "But look," she said, "as a model I was completely independent at a very early age, not dependent on anyone else for my livelihood, and that gives you a feeling of freedom and maturity." Yet she married when she was twenty, although in general she doesn't exactly approve of marriage. "I married at twenty,"

On these pages, Susan as Rita Crawford, Capone's madcap society girl playmate in Big Al.



“...in therapy...I would find myself crying and not knowing what it related to.”

she said, “because I fell in love, and that had never happened to me before, not in that total way.”

She was born an army brat, the daughter of an artillery officer stationed in Occupation Germany. Place of birth, Frankfurt, early years Darmstadt, where she went to an army school and did her first acting. “That was because I had learned to speak German, and few of the other kids had, so in German class they gave me the lead parts.” But then, moving around from one post to another with her colonel father, from Washington to Hawaii, South Korea, and Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, always meeting strange new classmates, she grew shyer, and didn’t think seriously of acting until she was a model.

The modeling began at age eighteen. One of her boyfriends was a young member of the German Air Force, training near El Paso, where her father had settled in retirement. The boyfriend took pictures of her and sent them to a German magazine, and lo, the editors sent for her to do some modeling, and off she went to Berlin for her first assignment. She didn’t stay long. Her father threatened to get the MP’s after her if she didn’t come home, but she was in a rebellious mood; she thought of going to San Francisco, because there was a current song about San Francisco, but decided on New York instead, where there were modeling opportunities. And, sure enough, the Eileen Ford agency took her on right away, and it wasn’t long before she was decorating covers, and doing television commercials. Then I caught the acting bug, and spent a year in Sanford Meisner’s classes. And then I met Todd, my husband.”

Todd Merer had started out in criminal law, then grew restless, and opened a boutique on Lexington Avenue called *The Different Drummer*, a shop that catered to young “with it” people. Susan went in there looking for a pair of



Her role in Report (below and right) has been Susan’s most challenging.



jeans. A young Filipino clerk waited on her, but while she was in the dressing room, Todd said he’d take care of this particular young lady (who could blame him?). When she came out he approved of her choice of jeans—“how they fitted my ass, you know”—and when she wrote out a check for the jeans she made sure to put her telephone number on the back. “Purposely?” I asked.

"Oh, sure," she said. "Todd was a redhead, and I've always dug redheads, and I was hoping he'd call."

Todd did, within a couple of days. "But the thing that happened," she said, the words flooding out as though memory was overwhelming her, "I was busy at the time, I mean I was really busy, not so much with dates, but with my acting classes, and jobs. It's always the guys you don't want to go out with who keep calling you a million times, but when the ones you do want to go out with call, they don't believe you when you say you're busy, and think you're giving them the brush-off. So Todd didn't call anymore. Then I was coming down in this big bubble along the Seagram Building..."

Excuse us, please, but a big bubble down the Seagram Building?

"Yes, this big plastic bubble

who gave me my first push."

Howard Minsky?

"You know—the same man who produced *Love Story*. He'd been an agent with William Morris, and he happened to see me shooting a Canada Dry commercial—you remember the one with the gangster girl—and suggested I sign with William Morris. My first part was in a picture called *Savages*—Sam Waterston was in it, too, and then I was sent to see Martin Davidson, who was producing and directing a little picture called *The Lords of Flatbush*. They needed an actress who could play a Jewish princess who was a senior in a Brooklyn high school. I kept saying, 'I'm 23 and I ain't no Jewish princess,' but Marty Davidson said he could fix that. He made me the daughter of an Army officer instead, stationed at a post in Brooklyn. The picture made money, but it didn't seem to do me much good."



Susan felt her therapy sessions helped her interpret her part in *Report*.

held by a crane. I was inside, doing a commercial for Clairol, when I saw Todd. It was after work, and he was headed for dinner in the Brasserie, a restaurant in the building, and I yelled, 'Todd! Why haven't you called?' And I stepped out of the bubble, and fell in love right there in front of the Seagram Building. We got married and Todd gave up the store, and we bought a farm in upstate New York, and Todd took up writing, and after a while I took up acting again, in between the commercials I was still doing. I guess it was Howard Minsky

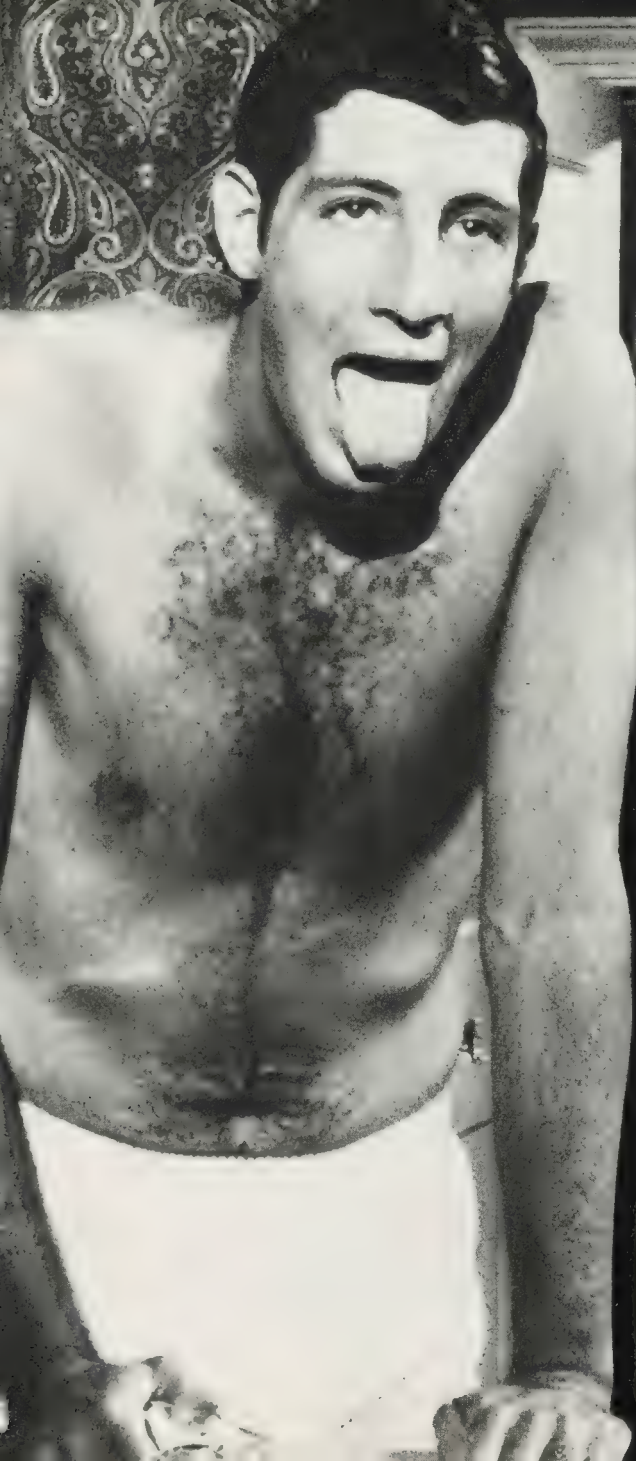
The next year was the toughest one. "I almost gave up," she said. "I must have flown out to the Coast ten times to try for parts I almost got, but always lost to someone who was a name. Then I got a few lines in *Shampoo*, but right on top of it came *Report to the Commissioner*, so I didn't have time for the lines, Warren was taking so long, and no sooner had I finished *Report* when my agent called and said, 'Look, there's this picture, it's not a lead, but it has great people in it, like Paul Newman...' I yelled, 'I'll do it. Whatever it is, one day's work,

I'll do it.' I mean, imagine, getting a chance to work with Paul Newman. The picture turned out to be *Towering Inferno*; I didn't even know what it was about. But I got my scene with Paul Newman. It's when he comes over to the house, and I open the door, and that first time when I opened the door and there he stood, I wanted to yell, 'Oh, my God, it's Paul Newman!'"

After that came *Big Al*, produced by Roger Corman in his fast, economical fashion. "Even though we never had time for more than two or three takes per shot, I think it's my best part and my best performance. I play a rich, wild, thrill-seeking girl of the 20s who's a lush and a gambler and who drives Capone wild, but he likes her anyway. Ben Gazzara plays Capone, and in one scene we both had to hit a golf ball. I hit mine a ton, because my father's a great golfer—he manages some of Lee Trevino's enterprises now—and he'd taught me as a child, but Ben couldn't hit more than a dribble. It was all being done in one take, and my shot wasn't my best, but it was the only one in which Ben got the ball even up in the air. I'm naturally athletic, I'm learning tennis now, and my pro thinks I'm great, but I don't have much time for it because of all the classes I take."

Those classes include acting, singing, mime, and Afro-jazz dancing. While she and Todd still own the New York State farm, they mostly live in a rented house high in the Hollywood Hills, from which she swoops for her various classes along with her therapy sessions. "My life," she said, "has always been up and laughing and giggling, but in my acting classes certain things would come out that confused me. There was a lot of pain. So I tried different shrinks, Reichian shrinks, Bio-energetic shrinks, and others, but quite honestly I didn't find a therapist I ever felt good about, I mean, I usually found them more messed up than I was. But certain things did happen in therapy. At first it came out world things, I would feel things for the world, and I would find myself crying and not knowing what it related to. Then I found I had a lot of

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How Novels Become Films

It's not what you'd expect

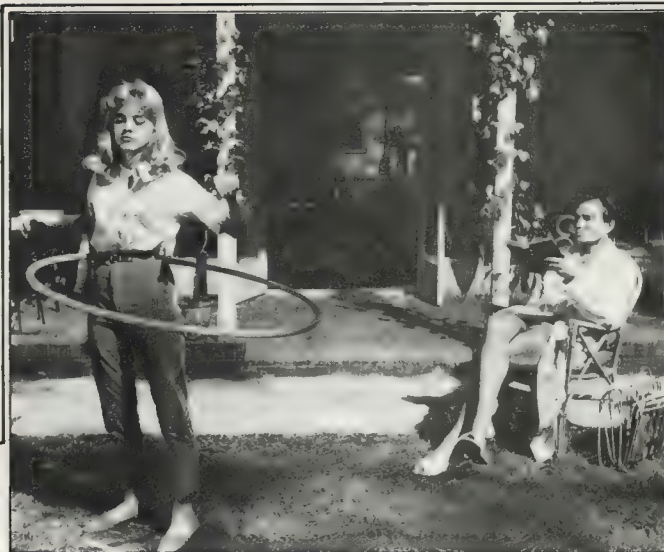
By Hollis Alpert

NOVELS BECOME movies in a variety of ways. It isn't merely a matter of a producer plunking down a heavy price for a current best seller, employing a screenwriter to fashion its story (often enough, only the bare bones) into a screenplay, casting it with appropriate stars and actors, then launching it complete with salvos of promotion into a thousand theaters. No, there's more, much

more to it, and it can involve hectic manipulation, heartbreak and triumph; lives can be changed, careers made or broken, fortunes made or lost.

Ready to break into theaters is *Jaws*, Universal's big picture of the year, a saga of a great white shark that terrorizes a Long Island town. Enormous effort and many millions have gone into translating to the screen a tale by Peter Benchley that began with a one page outline and an advance from the publisher of one thousand dollars. Benchley had never written a novel before, but he knew a lot about sharks. An editor suggested he try a novel that would call upon his shark

A sultry Sue Lyon tempts the aging James Mason in the film version of Vladimir Nabokov's racy novel, *Lolita*.



Gene Hackman gets his man in William Friedkin's *The French Connection*, based on the book by Ernest Tidyman.

story, and the producer, Richard Zanuck assigned it to him, upon which Universal started building a giant mechanical whale.

But it is seldom that simple. A year ago, *Time* Magazine devoted a long cover story to the production of *The Great Gatsby*, F. Scott Fitzgerald's famous 20s novel. Among the gossipy anecdotes on how it happened to be made was one that involved screen star Ali McGraw. While married to producer Robert Evans she had evinced a desire to play Daisy Buchanan, the heroine of the novel. From that, said *Time*, began the chain of events that led to a seven million dollar motion picture starring—not Ali McGraw—but Mia Farrow as Daisy Buchanan.

The chain, however, was begun long before, while Ali McGraw was still an acting student and occasional model and cover girl, and, as they say, little did she know about the fuss she was to cause in the motion picture industry and the lives of several of its personnel.

all but inevitable. The book had looked like a natural best seller; film company interest was aroused while it was still in galleys. Offers were made, and Universal's deal—\$150,000, plus \$25,000 for a screenplay by Benchley—looked best to the agent. Universal had a hot young director, Steven Spielberg, who wanted to film the

lore. It was nearly three years before the book reached the stores, but by that time it had already accumulated book club and paperback advances that had made the author rich before anyone walked into a store to buy the book.

Here was a case where the transition from book to screen was



Joe Buck (Jon Voight) with ex-hooker Cass (Sylvia Miles) in *Midnight Cowboy* (above). Left, Dustin Hoffman and Anne Bancroft share a morose moment in Mike Nichols' *The Graduate*.



made was immediate, even on critic John Simon, who described her as "a young woman not merely lovely, but actually gifted with a kind of thinking man's loveliness." (A non-thinking friend of mine thinks she's lovely, too.)

Ali McGraw was made, Philip Roth was made, and producer Jaffe, age thirty at the time, was at once lofted into the seat of presidential power at Paramount Pictures. Enter now a little fellow, Erich Segal by name, who had written a screenplay called *Love Story*. An agent, Howard Minsky, optioned the rights and began hawking the script from studio to studio, meeting one flat turndown after another. "Too sentimental,"

The year was 1968. Director Larry Peerce and producer Stanley Jaffe were looking for a girl, the girl, to portray Brenda Patimkin in Philip Roth's *Goodbye, Columbus*. From a batch of aspirants, Miss McGraw was plucked to portray the upper-class Jewish girl of a New York suburb and Radcliffe. The impression she

More often than plays, and certainly far more often than original film scripts, novels are the keys to the box office of the cinema kingdom.



Al Pacino plays Serpico, the loner cop whose struggle against police corruption was originally the subject of Peter Maas' book of the same name.

said the executives. "Won't appeal to the youth market," they said. Mr. Segal, a classics professor at Yale, saw Miss McGraw as the heroine of his story, and sent her the script. She liked it and sent it to her manager, Martin Davidson, who thought it would be a good picture for her to do. This information was communicated to Robert Evans at Paramount, where a copy of the script was on someone's desk, already read and passed over, so the story goes. "Let's make it," said Evans, and so it was made, along with more film history.

To continue the begets, Erich Segal was made, Howard Minsky was made, and Paramount made seventy million dollars. Also, a novel from the screenplay was made, and *that* made number one spot on the best-seller list for several weeks. In addition, while the film was being made, Robert



Robert Redford and Mia Farrow reunited in scene from The Great Gatsby.

Evans and Ali McGraw were married, and a child was made from that union. And Ali McGraw mentioned to her husband that she would like to play Daisy Buchanan. But first she did

another picture, with Steve McQueen, and that started a whole other chain of events, with which, for the purposes of this story, I am not concerned.

But I think I have made my



Lenny (Charles Grodin) and his bride (Jeannie Berlin) find their Miami Beach honeymoon less than thrilling in Neil Simon's *The Heartbreak Kid*.

point that before a novel gets to the screen, there are wheels within wheels, within wheels.

For the film industry, a novel is regarded as a "property." Once the property has been obtained, things can begin to happen. They began to happen for a young producer, Larry Turman, when he came across a novel called *The Graduate*. He took it to a director, Mike Nichols, who had made his mark as a successful stage director and had gone into movies. Nichols thought it would make a good movie. Thus armed with a director and the first of several scripts, Turman took it to every major studio, only to have it refused by everyone.

But as it happened, producer Joe Levine regarded Mike Nichols

as a heavy talent and desired him to make a picture. "Okay," said Nichols, *The Graduate*." Reluctantly, Levine agreed. "I had faith," he said later, not in the book, but in Mike. Who, in his right mind, would have paid a nickel for that book?"

Sixty-five million dollars later, Mike Nichols was made. Dustin Hoffman was made, Joe Levine was made into a multimillionaire, and the youth-oriented movie

wave was on its way, giving rise to a new crop of film directors, giving chances to such as Peter Bogdanovich, William Friedkin, and Francis Ford Coppola. But note well, how they were made. Peter Bogdanovich happened to come across Larry McMurtry's *The Last Picture Show*, upon which he was immediately established as the talent he no doubt is. Francis Ford Coppola was entrusted with *The Godfather*, which became the biggest money-maker in film history. William Friedkin, after considerable studio opposition, was allowed to direct *The French Connection*, which became an enormous hit, so much so that Warner Brothers dismissed the director hired for *The Exorcist* and put Friedkin in charge. *The Exorcist* became one of the biggest money-makers in film history.

Is it any wonder, then, that studios, directors, producers, and heavy stars such as Paul Newman and Robert Redford scour the publishers' lists for novels that might make movie material? More often than plays, far more often than original film scripts, novels are the keys to the box office of the cinema kingdom.

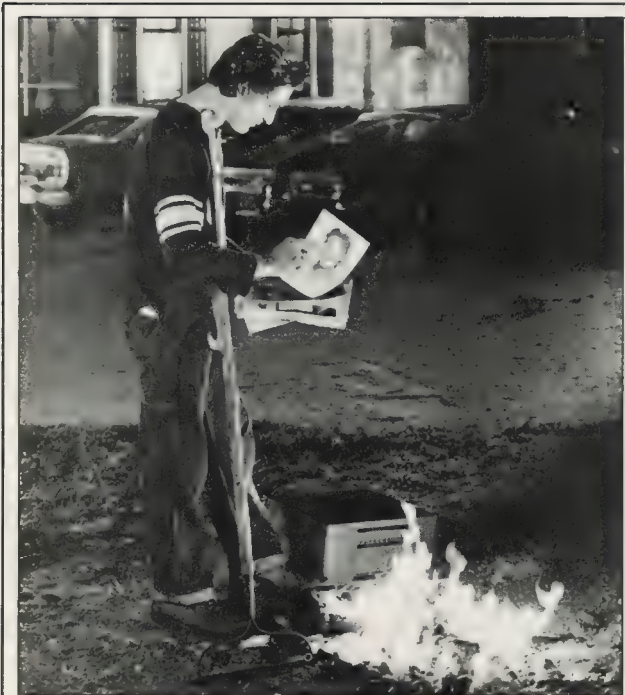
Yet there are cases where novels languish on studio shelves for years, decades, for lack of faith in their box-office viability, or because directors don't want to make them, or stars to play in them. MGM, several years ago, paid one of the highest prices in history for the rights to James Michener's *Caravans*. Hundreds of thousands more went for screen treatments of the novel. It still languishes on the company's shelf of abandoned books, though recently I ran across a director who would love to make it. By now, however, he'd have to cough up around a million dollars for the rights and that's a bit steep for what is regarded by studios as a chancy "property."

The noted director, Stanley

From the fortunes made from novels turned into films, one might think there was more of a tie-in between publishers and producers. This is rarely the case.



Ryan O'Neal bids a sad farewell to ailing Ali McGraw in *Love Story*, the screen version of former "Yale" prof Erich Segal's best selling romance.



It took years before *Bang the Drum Slowly* (above) made it to film, and this, because film makers now and again keep faith in their "properties."

Kubrick, was invited early in his career to dig around among MGM's "properties" for a film to make. He chose Humphrey Cobb's *Paths of Glory*. "Pick something else," said MGM's head of production. Kubrick got United Artists to obtain the rights, and a recognized film classic was the result. Later on, he decided he wanted to make *Lolita*. The studios, fearful of censorship, refused the necessary bankroll to buy the rights, so Kubrick and a partner bought it on their own. The picture has since made a fortune, and there was nary a whisper of censorship.

We won't go into what happens to the *content* of a book, during its transferral to the screen. That's another story, and often enough a sorry one. What is perhaps germane though, is how often a novel created out of the imagination and toil of a writer, becomes once on the screen, "A FILM BY..." as though the authorship had through some magical process been transferred to the director or producer. This is not to negate the skill needed to make from a novel a film that will appeal to and enthrall many millions. The combination of a gifted director and an intriguing and expertly written novel has through the years, given film audiences untold hours of entertainment. But it is perhaps not too much to say that it is the novel that, far more than any other source of material, has kept the film industry functioning. Yet, who wrote *The Graduate*? No, it wasn't Mike Nichols. (It was Charles Webb.)

...And let us not overlook the contribution of a screenwriter, such as Waldo Salt, who rewrote *Midnight Cowboy* into a super-hit and who helped turn *Serpico* into the success it is. Waldo Salt once lent me his compilation of the various drafts of *Midnight Cowboy*, along with memos and notes made along the way, and it came to something like 1200 pages, many times the number in the original book.

One might think that, from the fortunes made from novels turned into films, there might be more of a tie-in between book publishers and film corporations. This is almost never the case. Few

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ROBERTA FINDLAY:

By Bob Abel

WHEN *ANGEL NUMBER 9*, a hard core pornographic film, opened at a major downtown Philadelphia theater in late February it was hailed as the first big deal porn film directed by a woman, the first to reflect a sexually liberated, female point of view.

It deals with a handsome swine of a lad run down by a lorry driver whose mind is on other things—namely the sensations produced by the young woman administering mouth-to-member resuscitation on him. Our lad goes to heaven where he meets Angel Number 9 (guess who the friendly fellatrice in that truck was!). She informs him that he's not enough of a swine to go to hell, but doesn't qualify for heaven at this time. His penance, therefore, will be to go back to earth as a woman and suffer the kind of torment he used to hand out to the female sex. However, lest he forget what it's like to be a man, she doffs her heavenly garb (showing her tan) and gives him one for the road.

I'd been to a screening of the film and couldn't believe it advanced the feminist cause one silly millimetre. So I asked Roberta Findlay, *Angel Number 9*'s 27-year-old writer, producer, and director, why all the special

hoopla—"Roberta Findlay is interested in bringing to the cinema a warm, erotic experience... a woman's approach that has never existed before"—connected with the film!

It was news to her. At least it wasn't her idea to hype the film that way.

"I'm not a feminist," Roberta says. "I don't feel responsible for any other woman in the world. I've gotten where I am all by myself, and if *anyone* helped me, it was my husband—and he's no woman."

A dictionary of astrological terms inspired *Angel Number 9*.

While glancing at it, Roberta spied the word "transformation." Eureka! How about a film where a man is transformed into a woman. Then avid film buff that she is, Roberta recalled *Goodbye Charlie*, a film starring Tony Curtis and Debbie Reynolds that deals with a man who died and came back as a woman—and thus was forged another link in that chain of mysterious mental processes otherwise known as dreaming up a plot.

However, this isn't an art film we're talking about, it's cinematic sex—"I think it's all junk, different levels of junk," she says with refreshing candor, noting that what separates *this* girl from some boys is that the boys "have grandiose notions about what they're doing, think they're Orson Welles"—and even though her



SHE'S NO ANGEL

intention at the time was to make a soft-core film, there'd have to be sex in it, lots of "that junk." So the man-into-woman character couldn't be a shrewd li'l cookie like our Debbie—instead, "let her be a dummy and be pushed around, so it'd be easy to hang the sex on."

All right, let's recapitulate: we've got a basic premise (a man becomes woman and now experiences the short end of the long stick from another port of entry) and a strong rationale for lots of sex (Stephen - turned - Stephanie loves her new body and wants to know everything about it as fast and as thoroughly as possible), but where's the *fun* in this flick for Roberta? Directing porn movies—most porn films, she feels, are an act of homage, based on some favorite film of the director—would be sheer torture if there weren't playful or inventive aspects to the film, and what was going to turn Roberta on in this instance was the prospect of recreating heaven. Well, not exactly recreating it, but simulating it as best she could.

"There were no heaven scenes in *Goodbye Charlie*," she says, a grin slowly spreading on her face, "and I wanted to have heaven in my film. All my life I've wanted to make a film like *Stairway to Heaven*." Without too much prodding on my part, she refreshes my memory about the plot of the David Niven film, but what is most apparent is how terrific she thought heaven looked in that film. But she could not, she knew as surely as she understands the inevitability of death and taxes, afford to construct such a terrific heaven in her own film. Still, with the help of some dry ice and carefully constructed ramps, her set of heaven proves workable—and cheap. "Heaven costs two hundred dollars," Roberta declares with the pride of the truly parsimonious producer.

As you may have gathered by the non-wavering cut of her jib, Roberta Findlay is a forthright person, a pragmatist and a realist. Ask her if any of the ladies in her film actually experience an orgasm as a result of all that screwing, and she admits she really doesn't know—adding that Darby Lloyd



Rains, otherwise known as "The Queen of the Quiver," makes large claims for self-gratification of a non-cinematic nature emanating from her work. Ask her how a "nice Jewish girl" from the Bronx whose earliest ambition was to become a concert pianist, turned from the keyboard to the 35-mm. porn lens, and that she knows.

When Roberta was six, her parents decided she was destined for a concert career. Thirteen years later, Roberta decided she was not. Beethoven knows she tried. She went to one of New York's elite high schools, Music and Art, and she also studied at the prestigious Manhattan College of Music. She had the required recitals and concerts, after which she realized that she was

another talented pianist who wasn't ever going to compete with Van Cliburn or Artur Schnabel. True, she could teach, or accompany budding ballerinas, but these seemed dreary prospects. At eighteen she married.

Her husband, Michael—they are no longer together—was a bona fide film nut—"New York is full of them," observes Roberta—who had studied still photography and was panting at the lens meter to do a feature film. When he finally got his chance to do a soft-core sex film, Roberta, as she wryly recalls—"forced him to let me become an 'actress,' and I was terrible." However, she also helped him shoot the film ("I just manipulated the camera at first") which ultimately proved more valuable training than any

display of histrionics she'd managed.

She admits that the nudity bothered her at first, but what upset her most was the violence—"sadistic stuff, beating up and torturing girls"—these films required. She also got her first unpleasant glimpse of the business end of the pornographic camera: "That first film made money for the distributor, but not for us." She learned that until your talent enjoys a lot of clout, you're better off settling for some advance monies.

Accordingly, until very recently Roberta thought it was wiser to take the money up front, where you can bank it, rather than wait six uncertain months for the distributors to produce it. "We didn't trust anyone to distribute

The plot of *Angel Number 9* centers around a swine of a man who dies, goes to heaven and meets Angel Number 9, who informs him that, in order to atone for his swinery, he must go back to earth as a woman and suffer the same kind of torments he used to thoughtlessly dish out to the female sex.



the film on a percentage basis," she explained, noting that when, in recent years, she *had* accepted a percentage deal, she'd usually chickened out, opting for cash in hand. She's lost money that way, but there's more security in an

existing bank account than a blanket offer.

After doing a number of soft-core films which taught her her way around a 35-mm. camera, Roberta and Michael graduated,

(Continued on page 85)

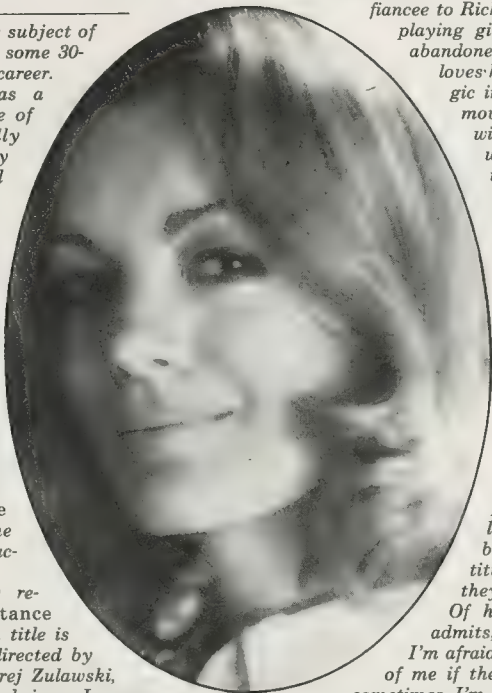
"I'm not a feminist," Roberta says, "I don't feel responsible for any other woman. I've gotten where I am by myself, and if anyone's helped me, it was my husband."

The Many Faces Of Romy Schneider

Interview by Anne Head

ROMY SCHNEIDER, the subject of our cover story, has made some 30-odd films during her career. Making her first film as a young ingenue at the age of 14, she has successfully avoided the fate of so many other aging child stars and has become one of the biggest stars in the French cinema. Although not as well-known in the United States as she is in Europe, several of Romy's films have been popular in the U.S., among them *The Cardinal*, and *What's New Pussycat*, both American films, and the French-made *Cesar et Rosalie*, *The Assassination of Trotsky* and the Francis Girod thriller *The Infernal Trio*, where she played Michel Piccoli's accomplice.

Romy's most recently released film is *L'Importance c'est d'aimer* (Its English title is *The Storm*), which was directed by the young Yugoslav Andrej Zulawski, and co-stars Fabio Testi and singer Jacques Dutronc, who makes his acting debut in the film. Romy explains that the character she plays is "a real woman, with human problems, a failed actress on whom luck hasn't smiled. She accepts any



role, no matter what it is, from Dracula's fiancée to Richard III's wife, constantly playing girls who are seduced and abandoned. She is a woman who loves her husband with a nostalgic indulgence; a disillusioned movie fan who falls in love with a photographer-reporter without wanting to admit it. She will show him a cold aggressiveness, only to discover her love for him across dramas and storms."

She has just finished filming a Claude Chabrol thriller in Saint-Tropez with Rod Steiger, *Two Innocents* with Dirty Hands which will be released soon. In this film, she plays a woman who attempts to murder her husband, only to have him discover her plan. He then kills her lover and "punishes" her by treating her like a prostitute, paying her every time they make love.

Of her future in film, Romy admits, "I am a little frightened. I'm afraid the public will grow tired of me if they see me too often. And sometimes I'm afraid of nervous exhaustion. But I feel that I've made it, and I'll never forget what Claude Sautet, who gave me back my self-confidence with *Les Choses de la Vie*, said to me once, 'Continue as much as you want; you can do it.'

On opposite page, a scene from the recent *L'Importance c'est d'aimer*.





"I'm not afraid of aging; nor am I afraid of fatigue showing on my face. I'm only afraid of occasionally acting badly. Doing well is just the same, if not more important, than watching out for wrinkles in the mirror."

Romy Schneider is reputed to have a formidable temper when crossed, although none of this legendary temperament showed itself during my interview with her. In fact, she proved to be quite the opposite; a truly charming

person, showing a refreshing frankness and enthusiasm about her films, the most recent being *L'Importance c'est d'aimer* which just opened in Paris. Generally considered to be the Number One box office attraction in France, she has made five films there over the past two years.

While the younger generation of filmgoers best remember her as Rosalie, sharing her love between two men in Claude Sautet's *Cesar et Rosalie*, or as Michel Piccoli's diabolical sidekick in Francis

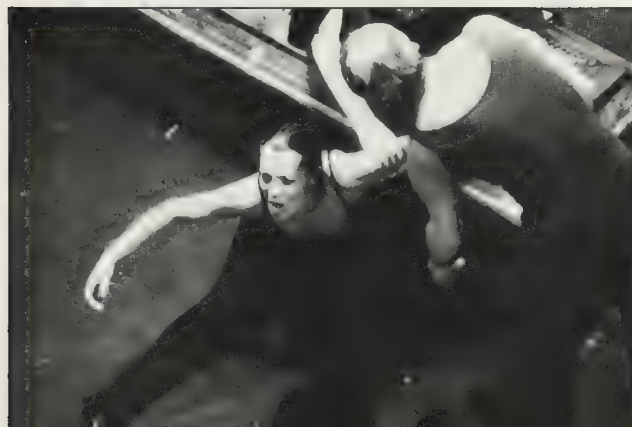
Girod's *Le Trio Infernal*, the older generation still sees her as the whimsical "Sissi" in a rose-colored version of the romance between Elizabeth of Austria and Ludwig II of Bavaria, an image that has not been easy for Romy to shake.

Born in Austria, Romy Schneider began her career at the age of 14 in a film with her mother Magda Schneider, one of Austria's best and most popular actresses. The film was *Lilas blancs*, the director was looking for an unknown to play the part of a

In *L'Importance c'est d'aimer* (shown left) Romy plays a failing actress forced to support her impotent husband by making pornographic movies. The film is based on Christopher Frank's novel, *La Nuit Américaine*.

teen-aged girl, and Magda Schneider suggested her daughter for the role. After that, Romy appeared in several German films, including a remake of *Maedchen in Uniform*, and then starred in a series of films on "Sissi," playing the Empress Elizabeth. Romy's perfor-





While the older generation best remembers her as the whimsical "Sissi" in a version of the romance between Elizabeth of Austria and Ludwig II of Bavaria, younger audiences will remember Romy as Michel Piccoli's diabolical sidekick in *Le Trio Infernal*. Scenes at left are from Andrej Zulawski's *L'Importance c'est d'aimer*.

mance as Sissi made her the nation's darling, a sort of European equivalent of Mary Pickford in her earlier films. Romy's parents were divorced (her father,

Wolf Albach-Retty also acted) and her mother later married a Swiss hotel tycoon. Romy now says that she was very spoiled by her family, and over-protected to the extent that a national sweetheart could be protected.

In 1958 she made *Christine* with Alain Delon. Directed by Pierre Gaspard-Huit, it was filmed in Vienna where her parents, leaving their home in Zurich, rented an entire floor of the Sacher Hotel just to be with her. To make doubly sure that their daughter

stayed out of trouble, they even hired a chaperone to keep an eye on her. But Delon's Gallic charm seemed to be just what the dutiful "Sissi" had been waiting for and, much to her parents' horror, what had been thought of as a mere film romance rapidly burgeoned into a serious relationship. Romy returned to Austria after some location shooting in Paris, but soon returned to France to begin a tumultuous five-year affair with Alain Delon.

Delon, talking about that

period, says: "Romy had been treated as an inaccessible idol, and suddenly she was discovered to be vulnerable, capable of giving her love in spite of the legend..." Considering the career she has since made for herself, her passion for Delon now seems to fit into a logical pattern. He was probably the one person capable of taking her out of the "Sissi" cocoon once and for all. He was also the one person against whom her family was defenseless, as was the film

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The last glittering gem has been placed in the Susann tiara with Paramount's release of the film version of her third sizzling bestseller.



Once Is Not Enough

By R.T. Allin

"HE LEANED OVER and kissed her, pinning her against the door. She fought violently... kicking... pulling at his hair, but he only laughed as if it were part of a game. With one hand he took her arms and pinned them behind her. With the other he tried to pull down the zipper in the back of her dress. In the midst of her panic she remembered to be grateful that it was only a six-inch zipper. He tugged and tugged. Then

quickly, he reached down and pulled the dress up around her head. It trapped her arms against her head and muffled her screams. She wasn't wearing a bra and suddenly she felt his lips against her breasts and in spite of her fury she felt a strange sensation in her groin. He slid one hand under her pants and groped between her legs. 'See my little January. You are moist with love... waiting for me.'"

"In the midst of her panic she remembered to be grateful that it

was only a six-inch zipper"? OK—She doesn't stack up to the likes of Ernest Hemingway or Truman Capote. But Jacqueline Susann did have a slender finger right on the button that turned on millions of readers around the globe, readers who sought lust and ribaldry and unabashed love-making from cover to cover, who revelled in down-to-earth fantasies, in stories well told about common people committed to uncommon destinies. When she died last year at the ripe age of 53, no

contemporary writer living or dead could rival Susann for unbridled mass appeal. She was the only scribe to have three consecutive novels rocket to the lofty pinnacle of the best-seller lists, with *Valley of the Dolls*, *The Love Machine*, and *Once Is Not Enough* being among the most commercially successful novels of all time. *Valley of the Dolls* alone has sold more than 15 million copies. Additionally, *Valley* and *The Love Machine* have been transformed into scintillating motion picture fare as well. With the release of the equally sizzling *Once Is Not Enough* by Paramount Pictures, the last glittering gem has been placed in the tiara of Jacqueline Susann—her triumph is complete.

The screen version of *Once Is Not Enough* may very well be the penultimate Susann. Led by a splendid throng of talented stars—Kirk Douglas, Melina Mercouri, Deborah Raffin, David Janssen, George Hamilton, Alexis Smith, and Brenda Vaccaro—*Once* plunges headlong into the hellish yet fascinating lair of the denizens of Hollywood. Briefly, the tale is one of psychological incest, isolating the plight of a lovely young virgin named January Wayne who has a precious adoration-turned-desire for her father, Mike Wayne, a renowned movie producer. To his ravishing daughter he is the most exciting man in the world—even after his eventual drought of talent and luck hastens his sad demise. January lives to fulfill one

fervent wish: to enter her father's world, to take her place at his side.

At the tender age of 20 she steps into that realm. Once there, however, she quickly finds that her rapturous dream is no match for the bite and bind of reality, that her prized world is one whose many strange and frequently unpleasant standards are set by creatures such as Deirdre Milford Granger, one of the wealthiest women alive; by David Milford, Deirdre's Adonis-like cousin who ravenously pursues January; by Karla, a motion picture star of international stature who chooses her lovers indiscriminately from either sex; by Linda Riggs, still in her twenties, editor-in-chief of a fast-rising women's magazine, whose private life rivals that of a



Kirk Douglas plays the role of movie producer Mike Wayne; his virginal daughter January, the film's central character, is played by Deborah Raffin.

mink in heat; by Tom Colt, a middle-aged, phenomenally successful novelist with a wild sexual craving for January Wayne; and by a friend of Colt's named Hugh Robertson, an astronaut, of all people, who warns the ingenuous January about the dangers lurking in the depths of the thicket she has chosen to explore. January moves in and among these curious predators looking for love, only to find the inevitable rupture of heartbreak and tragedy.

Responsible for the screen adaptation of *Once Is Not Enough* is Julius J. Epstein who, with his late brother Philip, copped an Oscar many years back for the immortal script that launched Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and *Casablanca* into the hearts of a world-wide film audience. The man whose pen has crafted an engaging version of the final Susann blockbuster is also responsible for such works as *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, *Arsenic and Old Lace*, *My Foolish Heart*, and *The Last Time I Saw Paris*. Epstein has also lent his name to the production credits for the memorable Bette Davis vehicle *Mr. Skeffington*, and for *Pete 'n Tilly*, a recent work which he both wrote and produced.

tackled by the jut-jawed star, who began his career back in 1946 with Paramount's *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers*. Douglas later became an overnight sensation for his overpowering performance in *Champion*, a Stanley Kramer film that was graced by an Academy Award nomination for its young star. Two more Oscar nominations followed for Douglas, first for his work in *The Bad and the Beautiful*, then for his role as the tortured, towering Van Gogh in *Lust for Life*.

The multi-faceted part of January Wayne is handled by a gorgeous young actress named Deborah Raffin, who was first seen playing Liv Ullmann's precocious teen-aged daughter in *40 Carats*. More recently she starred alongside Gregory Peck in *The Dove*. *Once Is Not Enough* represents the biggest break yet in the stunning thespian's motion picture career, not to mention the most challenging: her part as the tragic heroine is the pivotal element in the film.

Few actresses have captured film's fancy so quickly and thoroughly as Melina Mercouri

Kirk Douglas heads the outstanding lineup for *Once Is Not Enough*, playing the role of Mike Wayne. This role marks the 52nd



David Janssen in a non-paranoid role as the successful novelist Tom Colt.



Pictured here are (from left to right) Kirk Douglas, Brenda Vaccaro, David Janssen (standing) and Deborah Raffin.

did for her legendary performance in *Never on Sunday*. Her sensual movements in that 1961 picture, in which she portrayed a saucy broad given easily to laughter and more easily to hungry men, brought her an Academy Award nomination. *Once Is Not Enough* offers Miss Mercouri one of her meatiest roles since then. As the promiscuous Karla, a world-famous movie star whose abrupt retreat from show business and subsequent reclusive life envelop her in a shroud of legend and mystery, Melina Mercouri delivers a delicious tour-de-force characterization, one certain to satisfy her avid followers from Greece to the Americas and beyond.

David Janssen and George Hamilton are two familiar faces brought back to the fore once again with *Once Is Not Enough*. Janssen hammers down the role of novelist Tom Colt, a famed symbol of dynamism and virility who is something less than that between the sheets. Well known as television's *The Fugitive*, one of the most popular and enduring shows in the annals of that medium, Janssen has been re-

warded with three Emmy nominations as well as a Hollywood Foreign Press Association Golden Globe for his paranoid exploits. Hamilton has come a long way since his celebrated courtship of Lynda Bird Johnson in the days of *The Great Society*, racing over those eight years to top status among Hollywood's host of skilled young actors. In the screen version of the Susann novel, Hamilton dons the mask of handsome David Milford, a Wall Street Don Juan with an irrepressible eye for comely speculation prospects.

Brenda Vaccaro rounds off the cast of *Once Is Not Enough* with her plum performance as aggressive women's magazine head Linda Riggs. Ms. Vaccaro broke into the international limelight seven years ago with her dazzling presence in the award winning John Schlesinger film *Midnight Cowboy*, which was actually her debut in motion pictures. Prior to that, she earned plaudits as a star of the New York stage. She copped three Antoinette Perry Award nominations, with the distinction of having each landed in a different category, before

moving on to her *Midnight Cowboy* role. Brenda Vaccaro's most recent exposure came via the television route, where she played the role of Ethel Rosenberg in Stanley Kramer's initial TV production, *The Trial of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg*.

Once Is Not Enough is solid film entertainment, promising to be as appealing visually as it is in terms of the Jacqueline Susann—fantasied script. Britisher Guy Green directed the production with a flair he'd earlier lent to such acclaimed works as *A Patch of Blue* and *The Magus*. Before becoming a director, Green had established himself as one of England's most brilliant cinematographers, and in *Once Is Not Enough* his touch is most evident. Working with the celebrated John Alonzo behind the Panavision cameras on such glamorous terrain as that of Glion, Switzerland and Marbella, Spain, Green's newest gem dazzles the eye with every frame, and the ones reproduced here are ample evidence of that, and more. □

*All excerpts taken from *Once Is Not Enough*, copyright 1973 by Jacqueline Susann.



THE KISS



AND WHAT CAME AFTER

By Barbara Mackay

BACK IN 1896, when John C. Rice pursed his handlebar-mustached lips and zeroed in on May Irwin's mouth in Vitascope's *The Kiss*, it was more than a prolonged, Victorian osculation. It was a buss heard round the world. Not that May and John were pandering to prurient interests:—middle-aged couple, fully dressed, their eyes—like their mouths—properly closed, their moment of

romance was hardly something to make the blood boil.

But fifty feet of celluloid smooching was enough to make Vitascope's cash registers ring and puritanical Americans rage. The criticism launched at *The Kiss* was ostensibly concerned with vulgarity; the real issue, though was over a woman's participation in a public, semi-sexual act. As one Chicago publisher, Herbert S. Stone wrote: "The spectacle of their prolonged

Valentino (left) demonstrates the Backbreaker. Garbo (top) does the Chin Kiss.



The Clark Gable Crunch as seen with Vivien Leigh in *Gone With The Wind*.

pasturing on each other's lips was hard to bear...Magnified to gargantuan proportions and repeated three times over, it is absolutely disgusting. All delicacy or remnant of charm seems gone from Miss Irwin..."

Clearly, it was not Miss Irwin's immorality which upset poor Mr. Stone; it was the fact that her "appearance" was altered by her acquiescence to—and implied enjoyment of—the "pasturing." By destroying her "delicacy" and "charm," *The Kiss* debunked the notion of woman as an aesthetic ideal, a passive, passionless love-object unspoiled by ugly desire. May, after all, did kiss back.

A smash hit at America's nickelodeons, *The Kiss* triggered the censorship issue, while it whetted the public's appetite for more risqué subjects. The clash of these interests resulted in the apotheosis of the movie kiss. Without censorship, American filmmakers would undoubtedly have concentrated on American breasts and thighs as avidly as the French, Germans and Italians explored the Continental feminine form. Nickelodeons might have been packed because of home-made pornography, instead of imports. But by 1907, Chicago and New York were closing "dirty" movie houses and giving censorship control to the police, so filmmakers were forced to invent a substitute for erotic realism. The kiss became a universal symbol of

sexual activity, implying everything from true romance to copulation.

Since the kiss had to cover so much ground, a complex visual iconography developed to help it along: shocked, apres-kiss eyes cast heavenward, the hand wiping the mouth, and the backward stagger meant that a female would not succumb to a male's advances, be he hero or villain. When Blanche Sweet is kissed by her lover (who happens to be both lover and villain) in D.W. Griffith's *The Painted Lady*, she does a lightning-quick step back, covers her face, and disappears into the house.

Smouldering glances, heavy breathing, and rolling eyes, meanwhile, meant that mutual passion was alight, and would probably end in off-screen seduction. Valentino's trademark, for instance, his habit of bending women over backward (the closest thing to the forbidden horizontal love scene) left little doubt as to whether the couple made love or not. As Parker Tyler has noted, even when Agnes Ayres repulses Valentino's sheik, it's hard to believe that such a passionate lover would spend a lonely night in the desert when the beauty he craves is only a tent away.

Yet though the 1920's filmmakers paid lip service, as it were, to the American public's moral vulnerability, kisses became increasingly fervid. By 1925 Con-

stance Talmadge took Ronald Colman's head in her hands and kissed him square on the mouth in *Her Sister From Paris*. The following year Dolores Costello and John Barrymore shared a passionate, explicit kiss in *The Sea Beast*. And by 1928, any American fortunate enough to see *Cafe Electric* also saw Willi Forst kiss Marlene Dietrich's lips while he simultaneously removed her coat.

There also developed, in the '20s, an increasing amount of eroticism in the pre- and post-kiss moments, as well as the whole new vocabulary of physical gestures. There was the popular Bared-Shoulder-Base-of-the-Neck Kiss, a la *The Mysterious Lady* (1928), in which Conrad Nagel slipped his right arm around Greta Garbo's waist, gripping her shoulder with his left hand.

In 1932 Dietrich got an identical kiss from Harry Liedtke in the inappropriately titled *I Kiss Your Hand, Madam*. There was the Chin Kiss, one of the few instances in which the man's face was on a level below the woman's,



Gable and Monroe in *The Misfits*.

her arms wrapped around his neck, her eyes lifted toward heaven; Janet Gaynor's chin was immortalized by a chin kiss in the *Love Story* of 1927, *Seventh Heaven*. And there was the Upside-Down Kiss, during which the man bent over the outstretched woman from above, so that his lips grazed her eyes and vice-versa; the real appeal of this last was that it implied that forbidden fruit—horizontality. Gar-



Burt Lancaster and Deborah Kerr's horizontal positionings in *From Here To Eternity* leave no doubt about their actions.

bo and John Gilbert were notorious in *Flesh and the Devil* (1927), since they committed a rare Open-Mouthed Kiss, as well as an overtly horizontal, torrid Upside-Downer.

Even though all the basic lip and body combinations were eventually exhausted, the great stars were able to transcend form and create their own style. Aside from the Backbreaker, Valentino had another unique technique: he kissed the inside of a woman's palm instead of the back of her hand. The Garbo Kiss, or Anti-Kiss, was a matter of passive offense: she drew men to her and let them kiss away. The Dietrich Kiss, like The Garbo, had only about 45% to do with lip contact: the rest was all eye-allure and conflicting signals (passion and composure, control and abandon, that sort of thing). In The John Barrymore Kiss (remarkably similar to the later Clark Gable Crunch) the man wraps the woman in his arms, clutches her body to his, and gazes lovingly at

her lower lip before pressing his mouth to hers. The Chaplin Kiss usually consisted of a buss and a grimace; the Mae West Special was preceded by a shift of bust and bustle.

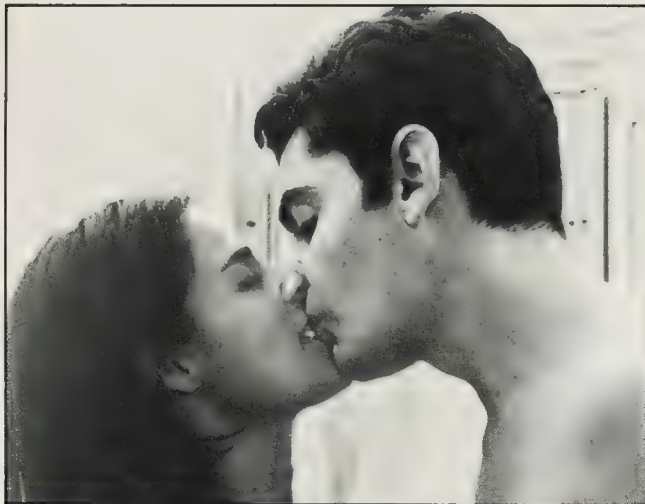
By the end of the 1920's, though kisses were becoming increasingly explicit, they were still surrounded by a rigid iconography, at least as far as women were concerned. A man might gaze longingly or lecherously, but having usually sought the kiss, his face generally reflected nothing but satisfaction. Just as in the earliest silent films, it was woman's expression that counted: her eyes, sultry and downcast or turned blissfully toward heaven, told the story of her soul.

In part, woman's emotional response to a kiss was used to undermine charges of overt sex. Although there was never any particular ruling regarding the proper duration of a kiss, the Hays Office and the Motion Picture Code (established in 1930) stipulated that no picture could

be produced which would "lower the moral standards of those who see it. Hence the sympathy of the audience shall never be thrown to the side of . . . sin." But who could be sure Garbo wasn't contemplating paradise instead of sin when she looked dreamily away from John Gilbert in *Flesh and the Devil*, from Gavin Gordon in *Romance* (1930) and from Clark Gable in *Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise* (1931)?

Although the film's obsession with woman's post-kiss condition at least admits that woman is a sexual creature, there is something of the Stone (or stone age) mentality implied in that relentless concern. Since Herbert Stone castigated May Irwin for her "indelicate . . . appearance," it has been woman's superficial "appearance," her emotional acceptance or rejection of sex, the camera registers. And that reaction in turn reveals woman's character, whether she is "loose" or "good."

Even the presence of American



Ali McGraw's kissing Richard Benjamin in *Goodbye Columbus* and Ryan O'Neal in *Love Story* are overshadowed by the more explicit sex scenes.

The movie kiss was governed by a rigid iconography where women were concerned. Shocked eyes cast heavenward meant she was determined to preserve her virtue while a smouldering glance was certain to result in an off-screen seduction.

heroes and Continental lovers on the screen during the 1930s and '40s didn't shift filmmakers' interest from female to male morality via the kiss. Clark Gable's face zooming down to Vivien Leigh's lips in *Gone With the Wind*, or up to Joan Crawford's chin in *Chained* may have been calculated to enhance his machismo appeal, but it was always Vivien's or Joan's or Greta's or Marilyn's or Ava's response which was most important. As woman after woman melted helplessly into his arms, Gable's irresistible sex appeal was confirmed, as was Ava's (or Greta's or Vivien's) vulnerability.

Woman's knee-jerk sexual response to super-male sex appeal continued well into the '50s. In *Mogambo* (1954) Gable hasn't changed. He grabs Ava Gardner and delivers the rough kiss he knows she's hungering for. When he kisses Grace Kelly shortly thereafter, he is gentler—since she's a delicate blond aristocrat, and someone's wife, to boot—but just as strong (a Gable kiss is, after all, a Gable kiss). After Grace draws back so we can see her face register shock, delight, angst and desire, she kisses him back, with lips as hot as any lower-class brunette's: i.e., Gable's kiss transforms her into Ava's sexual equal.

Though Hollywood in the '40s was able to pack plenty of sex into films via Jane Russell's bosom, Betty Grable's legs, Veronica Lake's cascading blond hair, Lana Turner's shrunken sweaters, and Ann Sheridan's indefinable "oomph," even in the mid-'40s, horizontal love scenes were still taboo. When Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman were supposed to kiss while sharing a sleeping bag in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1945), the scene had to be shot with Cooper and Bergman standing up. A year later, in filming *Notorious*, the long kiss Hitchcock wanted was prohibited. Not to be outdone, Hitchcock had Bergman and Cary Grant practice *osculatio interruptus*: they kissed for a few seconds, then hugged and kissed their way across a room toward a ringing telephone, where Bergman carried on a telephone conversation broken by short kisses.

But censorship—or self-censor-

ship—wasn't the only pressure which affected the development of the kiss. As the movie industry expanded and Hollywood created an increasing variety of roles for women, women not only kissed back, but sometimes kissed first. In the '20s there were ruthless gangsters' molls who loved their way to furs and diamonds. In the '30s and '40s there were Bette Davis' malignant bitches, and in the '50s Joan Crawford's dark-browed tyrants. All of them were extensions of Theda Bara's vamp, whose kiss spelled death for the unsuspecting male, a type which still exists, especially in comedy: in the 1965 film *How to Murder Your Wife*, Jack Lemmon is nearly suffocated by his wife's passionate kisses and exhausted by her voracious sexual appetite.

When the filmmakers of the 1940s invented the independent woman in order to get women out of the bedroom and free of the censor, they inadvertently paved the way for the sexually aggressive woman, a woman who contradicted man's image of her as unimpassioned. When Susan Hayward and Dana Andrews kiss

in the woods, miles from civilization, in *Canyon Passage* (1946), he is shocked at her instant response. She asks if that wasn't what he wanted, he sheepishly replies it was, she chides him for looking at her "like that," and promptly kisses him again. In 1944, after Bogart kisses Lauren Bacall in *To Have and Have Not*, she delivers the classic post-kiss line: "It's even better when you help."

Yet more often than not the individualistic woman who got kissed in the late '30s and '40s was more romantic than Bacall, a chaste, efficient career woman until a kiss set her free—from her professional ambitions as well as from her sexual inhibitions. In *Ninotchka* (1939) Garbo is liberated from her Communist "masculinity" with champagne and Melvyn Douglas' lips. A year later, Cary Grant and Rosalind Russell's quick kiss at the end of *His Girl Friday* suggests that, for all her independence, she's his property—professionally and personally. The Anti-Career Kiss persisted, even into the '50s. In *Dream Wife* (1953) Deborah Kerr, a no-nonsense businesswoman,

feels an earthquake when Cary Grant kisses her, proving that he's the man for her.

In the 1950s, kisses got longer in direct proportion to the expanding chest measurements of America's film sweethearts. They also became flagrantly horizontal. Burt Lancaster stretched out on a beach as Deborah Kerr languished over him in *From Here to Eternity* (1953), leaving no doubt about the couple's actions as the camera panned out to show waves pounding on the beach, a favorite symbol for orgasm, (along with flames leaping, waterfalls gushing, thunder clapping and trains rushing through tunnels).

By 1959, even American audiences weren't shocked by Laurence Harvey's and Simone Signoret's passionate—and fully horizontal—embrace on a bed in *Room at the Top*. The question was no longer whether a couple "did" or "didn't," but how much of the preliminary "doings" we'd get to see.

Yet the realism of the '50s films was not simply a function of longer kisses and more explicit

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When Warren Beatty kisses Lee Remick in *Shampoo*, the emphasis is more on the writhing of bodies than the meeting of lips.

The New Pioneers Of Porno

By Cynthia Adler Male

THERE THEY SAT. *The new pioneers of porno. The most unlikely couple ever to walk down the flesh fairways of the cinema world, taking their child born out of wedlock and giving it a real parent. The parent: Screen Actors Guild, parent to such greats as George C. Scott, Anne Bancroft and Marlon Brando. The child: a hard core porno/drama called Sometime Sweet Susan. The pioneers: Craig Baumgarten 25, president of Lothar Productions, and Shawn Harris 23, actress. Producer and star—Henry Higgins and Liza Doolittle, beating a pathway toward the libido of mass moviegoers.*

Entering the plush upper West Side town house of producer Craig Baumgarten, I knew little of what to expect, except that he was one of former Mayor John Lindsay's aides and the publisher of a magazine called *Wine Now*, a communication to the liquor industry, telling it about the quality and distribution of wine. Shawn Harris was a pseudonym for a little known legitimate actress who has appeared in one of the later companies of *Hair* on Broadway, an Off-Broadway show entitled *Che*, some movie bit parts, and



Sometime Sweet Susan has the distinction of being the first hard-core film to obtain approval of the Screen Actors Guild.



is to soon appear in a production for Bing Crosby entitled *The Reincarnation of Peter Proud*, the latter which I found very amusing, considering the title.

As soon as you walk through the iron gates of Baumgarten's townhouse, you are in the wonderfully woodsy place of a man who likes his comfort spacious and soft. All around are velvets and delicious leathers to sink into, with an abundance of mirrors to make even the most finicky narcissist happy. In the downstairs drawing room, magazines like *Playboy*, *Galaxy* and *Viva* sit on the mantle of the fireplace, one of them containing a big spread (I mean that literally) on Shawn Harris. She is assembled in various poses and postures, fingering a glass object placed between her legs that looks like a pink crystal phallus. Her nude body is properly air-brushed and gauze lensed, giving an incredibly soft look to the photographs and she has a totally neutral expression on her face. At first glance she looks like a well worn veteran of the trade, but the true fact is that Shawn Harris has never appeared in a hard core porno film before *Susan* and had very little intention of ever doing so. Craig Baumgarten and





With the exception of porno super-stud Harry Reems, none of the cast in Sometime Sweet Susan has ever acted in a hardcore film. "Harry is a pro," says Shawn Harris, "He makes you feel at ease. That's a man who knows his business."



The main part of the action takes place in a mental institution where Susan, who has a split personality, is being treated. Harry Reems plays her doctor, one of the wonderful games of childhood few adults are lucky enough to play.



Clockwise from right: Shawn Harris shows off her photogenic attributes for the camera. Before Susan, Shawn appeared in a centerfold spread for Gallery magazine. She hopes to become an actress in more "legitimate" genres; Shawn and an actor performing the rape scene from Susan.



Shawn Harris look like they could be part of a college debating team or the committee that plans the senior prom. Craig is like the brother you have always wanted—clean and unmenacing. He is just tall enough and built like the captain of a swimming team. His eyes twinkle with secrets that he isn't telling and he exudes an energy not unlike a delighted child just before Christmas Eve. You instinctively feel like you could trust him with your car, your money and your over-developed 13-year-old-daughter. He must have evoked much of the same feeling in the cast of *Sometime Sweet Susan*, since none of them, except porno superstud Harry Reems, had ever done a hard core film before. When one of the principal actors got cold feet just before filming one of the more

arduous scenes in *Susan*, Craig undauntingly filled in for the chap, giving the movie one of the purest and gentlest sexual scenes ever to grace the hard core screen. The fact is, Craig looks so wholesome that his big scene looked like it could have been filmed by some hidden camera inside his best girl's sorority house. He is the love boy, whether he talks about his magazine *Wine Now*, politics, social injustice or his movie that is going to make an honest woman of hard core.

Shawn Harris is more low key. She is much smaller than she appears on screen, having lost twelve pounds on a vegetarian diet since the filming. She is also prettier than she photographs. Her wheat-colored hair frames an enormous pair of green eyes and porcelain toned skin, and there is

a very delicate, sensitive quality to her face, despite the fact that her nose is rather prominent. Her body is more than well proportioned and she is unmistakably intelligent. She also has a good sense of who she is, which allows her to be alone much of the time, but the most obvious thing about her is her lack of illusion about herself or the business.

There is a great caring between these two people, not as lovers but as friends who respect each other. Craig is a toucher. He holds Shawn's hand, he caresses her hair, and he doesn't seem to make any judgement about her, nor does she about him.

Craig Baumgarten eagerly talks about his coup with SAG. "We (his partner Joel Scott and himself) just went up to SAG with our

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Going Down In New Orleans

The Seventh Annual Convention of the Adult Film Association

By Arthur Knight

FEEDING THE hand that bites them, but royally, the Adult Film Association of America recently invited a group of five movie critics to participate in its 7th annual convention, held in New Orleans. The Adult Film Association, it should perhaps be explained, is the trade organization of producers, distributors and exhibitors of "adult" entertainment—also known as dirty movies. And the critics invited to partake of their sumptuous hospitality included the Reverend Malcolm Boyd, Roger Ebert of the Chicago *Sun-Times*, Molly Haskell of *Viva* and the *Village Voice*, Kevin Thomas of the *Los Angeles Times*, and myself. (*Playboy's* Bruce Williamson was also invited, but declined at the last moment.)

Just what the Association hoped to gain from this show of generosity was not immediately apparent. Even though it was essentially a trade meeting, no film showings were scheduled apart from a morning devoted to trailers—about 30 trailers played back to back. Since pornos have only limited access to newspaper advertising, and even less to television, these previews of coming attractions are considerably more revealing than those of the major studios. Nevertheless, critics can

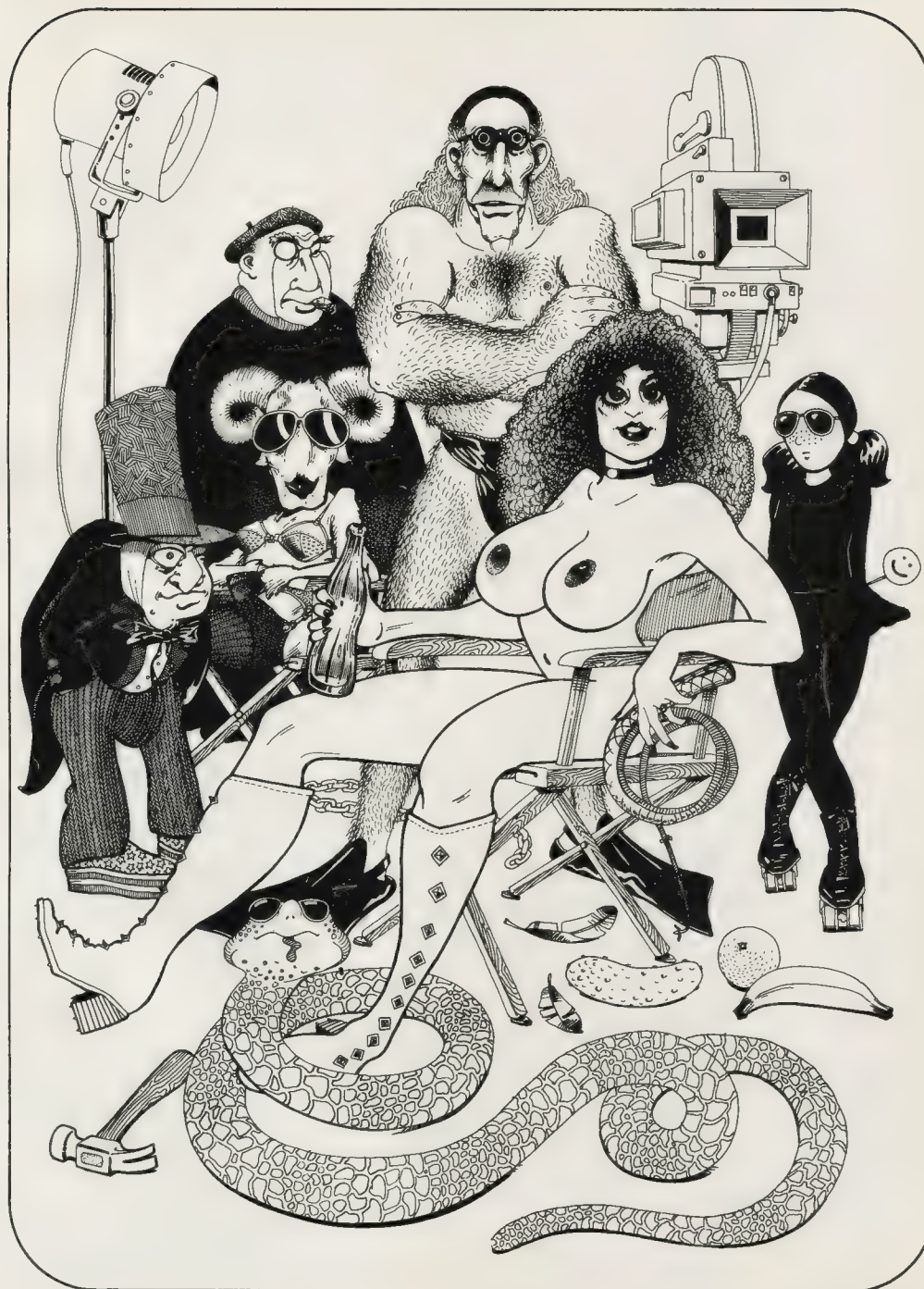
hardly review a movie on the basis of its trailers; and I would guess that for most of us attending that screening, the experience served more as a checklist of pictures to avoid than of films to look forward to with eager anticipation. (My own favorite of the morning was something called *Beach Blanket Bango*, which promised a parody of those AIP-Annette Funicello masterpieces, which were pretty much a parody to begin with.)

Not until our panel convened the following morning did I begin to perceive the real purpose of our presence. The Association members were seeking neither praise nor guidance; they were seeking legitimacy. "I find it far more immoral for some judge to censor what I can see than any picture you could possibly make," Molly Haskell told the assemblage, her voice dripping with magnolia blossoms. "For me, war and violence are the real obscenities, not sex," said the Reverend Malcolm Boyd. "Haven't we called the wrong things dirty? We let war come into the living room, and I find violence obscene. What is this preoccupation with sex as being obscene?" The audience was enchanted.

But if the panel was united by the civil libertarian aspects of the Association's members' right to have their pictures seen by consenting adults without legal

harassment, it was also unanimous in deploring the present state of the art of dirty movies. "Sometimes I feel I have stumbled into an audio-visual class for gynecologists instead of a movie theater," confessed the rotund and witty Roger Ebert. The general feeling was that the explicitness of hard-core sex films undermined any sense of eroticism. To a man—and woman—the critics made it clear that they did not object at all to sexually explicit movies, merely to the lack of imagination, sensitivity, artistry, or eroticism in the pictures. The audience seemed genuinely astonished to discover that the panel members were really on their side, particularly since they have grown so accustomed to press abuse. Here were press people who wanted to see their pictures better, not banned! Members of the Association—a far less flamboyant group, incidentally, than the real estate agents who convened at the same hotel the following day—were actually grateful for our sage counsel.

Hearing sage counsel and following it, however, are two different things. From the moment the panel ended, I was repeatedly accosted by producers (especially) who wanted to apprise me of the facts of life of their business. Certainly, they said,



they would like to make better pictures. The several exhibitors I spoke to all said they would like to show better pictures. But, they maintained, they were giving the customers what they wanted. Their audiences came for hard-core action, and if they didn't find it at one house, they could always go to another. Without exception, the producers and exhibitors I spoke to claimed that they would like to be legitimate, that they would like to shed the anxieties and expense of police and F.B.I. harassment. (The F.B.I. had gone so far as to send an agent to cover the Convention, but he was intercepted and refused admission.) The only thing was, they didn't want to lose their audience in the process.

A fair dilemma, and one I knew to be real. The audience for these movies, apart from such breakthrough pictures as *Deep Throat* and *Behind the Green Door*, is essentially made up of repeaters. A veteran Los Angeles exhibitor once told me that he could open a new picture at his house on a Monday morning, "then just stand back and call the roll." In fact, the rule of thumb for the business is, all things being equal (which means essentially, no special notoriety from police prosecution), a porno can expect to earn about \$100,000. While this would quickly bankrupt any of the major studios, whose budgets generally begin at five times that figure, the skin merchants can realize a neat profit by bringing in their pictures at around \$25,000. Paradoxically, the more explicit the action, the fewer the houses they can play, and hence the lower the returns. The exhibitors are keenly aware of what can and cannot be shown in their own communities, and are even less inclined to take chances than the producers. The kinkier forms of sex today are largely confined to 16mm loops and 8mm mail order.

Certainly, it is always difficult to abandon a sure thing and reach out toward the unknown. But reach out they must, if Adult Film Association members expect to achieve respectability. Vince Miranda, who heads the successful Pussycat Theater chain of Southern California, is very active in Little League baseball, the Boy Scouts and similar public-spirited activities. Mrs. Lois Maisels, an attractive matron and mother of three who operates a chain of sex houses in Portland, Ore., also busies herself in community affairs. Dave Friedman, the genial President of A.F.A.A., is not at all reticent about letting it be known that his wife is a member of the Board of the Los Angeles Zoo, and is frequently off on zoological expeditions. Extending invitations to speak to five "prestigious" (the Association's word) film critics was yet another reach for respectability.

When you come right down to it, however, respectability must come through the films made and shown by these people, not through their peripheral activities, and certainly not through their guest speakers. There was a time when the pioneers of film—William Fox, Carl Laemmle, Adolph Zukor and all the rest—were far from respectable, and no decent person would dare be seen entering a movie house. But they resolutely set out to win a wider audience, importing reels of the great Sarah Bernhardt from France, filming the stars of the legitimate theater in their most famous roles. In less than a decade, they had moved from the working-class nickelodeons into middle-class movie palaces. They had gained respectability. And, coincidentally, they amassed great fortunes.

This is also, I suspect, the answer for the members of the Adult Film Association today. Difficult though it may be to pass

up the Monday morning "roll call" regulars, a broader audience obviously does exist—the audience that has been coming out for *Deep Throat*, *Behind the Green Door*, *The Devil in Miss Jones* and, most recently, *The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann* (with its witty lip-service to "redeeming social values"). This is no more the audience for conventional skin flicks, than the audience for Bernhardt's *Queen Elizabeth* was the same that idolized Bronco Billy's early Westerns. Undoubtedly, there was and is some overlapping. Just as some people in 1912 would go to see anything so long as it was a movie, there are audiences today that will go to see anything so long as it's porn. But the main trick, then as now, is to reach a wider audience, an audience that will automatically insure greater respectability — and greater profits.

Unfortunately, the road ahead is not all straight and clear. At the convention's closing session, Stanley Fleischman, counsel for A.F.A.A. and one of the leading civil rights lawyers in the nation, outlined the pattern of repression

that has prevailed since the Supreme Court's *Carnal Knowledge* decision in June of 1973. Not only has the Court persistently refused to clarify what it means by "community standards" (a term that now varies in interpretation from state to state), but illegal seizures of film and extralegal harassment of both producers and exhibitors of adult

movies have become commonplace. When such cases finally come into the courts, Fleischman said, juries generally vote an acquittal. "Maybe 75 percent of the time there is either a hung jury or an outright acquittal," he stated. "But it's a kind of Russian roulette—and a very expensive kind."

The expense, Fleischman underlined, is not only to the accused, but to the taxpayer as well, since prosecutions invariably are brought "in the name of the people." He cited the instance of the case against *Deep Throat* in Beverly Hills, which cost the taxpayers of that city "in excess of \$250,000 and ended with a hung

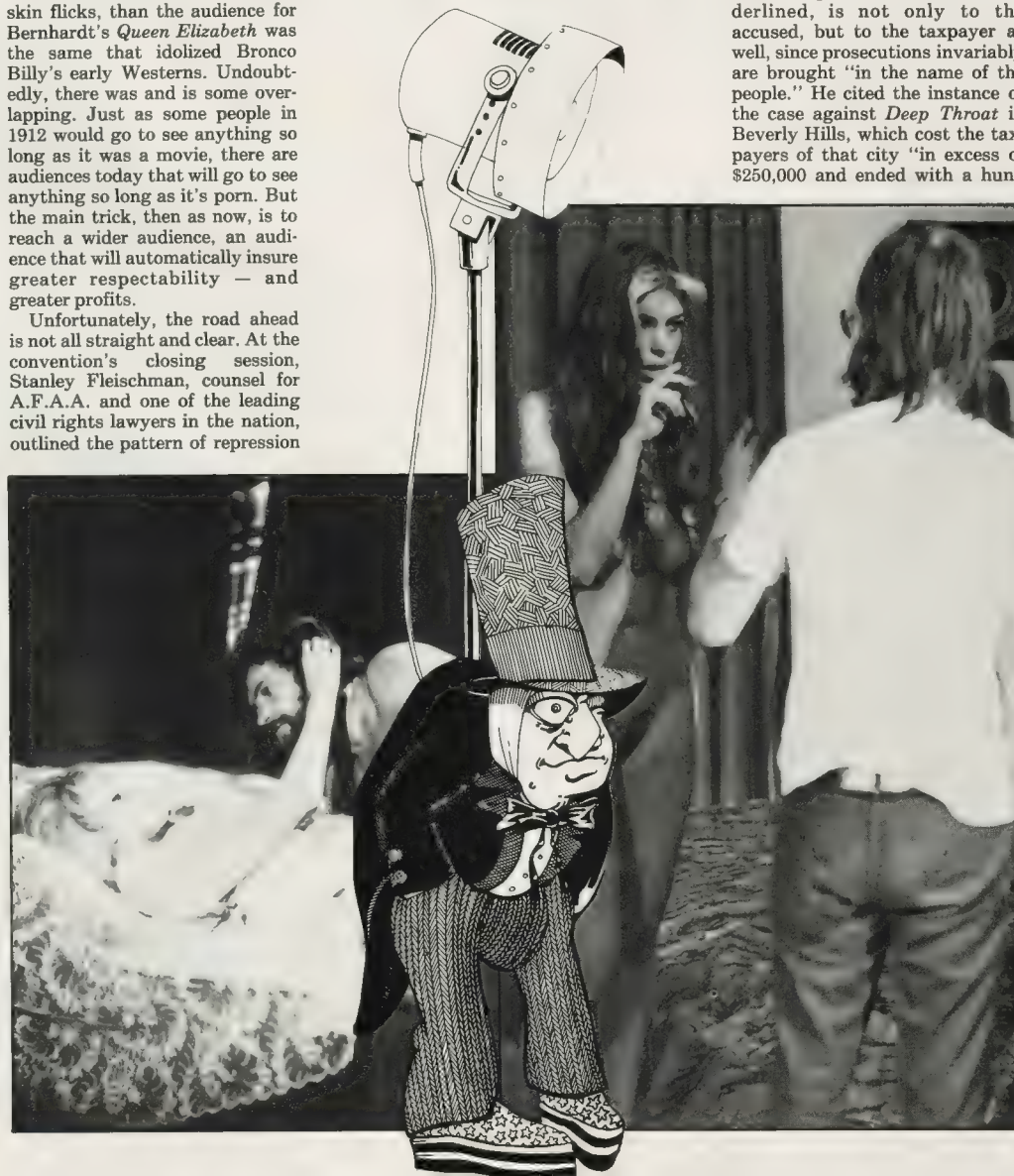
jury." (For a time, the Judge threatened to re-try the case, then changed his mind.) Fleischman spoke of a referendum in Oregon, where X-rated movies were placed on a par with massage parlors and houses of prostitution, and the whole bill was so worded that voters were never quite certain whether they were voting for or against legalizing sin. He referred to cases that have been held up in federal courts for three years and more, instances of F.B.I. entrapment, instances of police harassment from one end of the country to the other. "If the general public had any idea of what it was costing in this era of tight money just for the prosecution of victimless crimes," he concluded, "they would be up in arms."

The irony here is that it is generally the wrong movie that gets "busted." Few D.A.'s would bother to haul into court a picture like *Bare Country* (a 16mm porno feature with all the sophisticated production values one would expect from the title), when they could set their sights on a *Deep Throat* or *The Devil in Miss Jones*. It is the better films, the pictures that demonstrably appeal to a wider audience, they lay in wait for. That's where the headlines are and where the money is.

But these are also the pictures that are defensible. I think surely that I am speaking for most, if not all, of the critics who came to New Orleans when I say that we would like to see this kind of film making up-graded. To be meaningful, any true freedom of the screen must extend into the area of sexuality. In *The Conversation*, for example, which I happen to consider the best American picture of 1974, I felt that the sequence involving Gene Hackman's seduction and betrayal by a call girl should have been far more explicit. Earlier in the film, Hackman had abandoned his mistress simply because she wanted to know his private telephone number. By what techniques was the call girl able to break through his multi-layered defenses and make off with considerably more than his telephone number? While I realize that there was a certain amount of cinematic short-hand involved in this exposition, this seemed to me

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Although the panel favored adult films, they deplored their lack of artistry. One critic felt like he "had stumbled into an audio-visual class for gynecologists."





Hot Stuff: Erotic Films

The continuing saga of the New York Erotic

Film Festival or Is My Craft Ebbing?

By Ken Gaul

HAVING BEEN called everything from the "Sol Hurok of pornography" to the "Steven Weed of smut," I like to view myself—the producer of two New York Erotic Film Festivals, as somewhere between the Frank Capra and the Duddy Kravitz of eroticism.

As anyone who has ever been involved in a film festival of any sort will I'm sure confirm, it's an almost thankless task but it does have its rewards. After hassles with producers, theater owners, box office people, newspapers, publicity people, freebie grubbers, working capital and mechanical failures (Murphy's Law: anything that can possibly go wrong, will) one almost wonders after a while, why the hell one ever left one's last secure 9 to 5 job for a life of such uncertainty. Add to the above problems the fact that you're running an *erotic* film festival and your problems are multiplied by about 50.

The idea of running an erotic film festival had been in my brain for some time when I was fortunate enough to attend one, The Wet Dream

Film Festival, in Amsterdam, Holland. Put together by some people from a European sex paper called *Suck*, the event was fairly successful and kindled in my cerebral cortex visions of Lincoln Center opening nights and parades and rallies to honor priapic gods. Since I had just left my position as managing editor of *Screw* Magazine in New York, my contacts in the erotic field were more than good. In fact *Screw's* editors, Buckley and Goldstein, are on record as saying that I was probably the only one who could have gotten together such an extravaganza in the Big Ol' Apple. An endorsement I cherish somewhat uncertainly.

So, with rather commendable logic, I figured out that the first thing I'd need would be money and the second would be a working knowledge of the difference between 16mm and 35mm film. The money part was surprisingly easy in those euphoric pre-Miller vs. California days. Within about 40 days after running one small ad in the *Village Voice*, I had spoken to about 30 potential backers—19 of whom should have been immediately confined to some sort of maximum security institu-





Scenes shown on these and the preceding pages are from *It Happened in Hollywood*, *The Long Swift Sword of Siegfried*, *Fongaluli*, and *Forbidden Under Censorship of the King*.

tion; 7 of whom had very ominous bulges near their breast pockets; 4 of whom kept asking such pertinent questions as: "Ya got any pitchas we could see today?" 1 of whom had enough amphetamine in him to power both teams in the Superbowl; and another one who, quite simply, wanted my trim attractive body. Within a week after drawing up a simple letter I had a check for \$8,000 big ones, an office in a computer company (which was later to go broke, while my porn biz flourished, thus saying something about contemporary society) and I was soliciting entries via full-page ads in *Variety*, the *Village Voice* and *Screw*.

The almost immediate response from, literally, around the world was astounding. Calls from the coast, prints dropped off by New York filmmakers, letters of inquiry from London and Argentina and even a cable from Israel. At the outset, I had thought New York and yea, the country was ready for a class erotic film fes-



tival. In fact, that was the gist of our ads: "If Your Film Hasn't Gotten The Kind of Exposure You Think It Deserves...The First Annual New York Erotic Film Festival Would Like To Turn You On." The response confirmed my rather cocky attitude and shut a horde of naysayers' mouths. During the height of our frantic screening of entries we were looking at 3 or 5 or sometimes 10 films a day which had arrived in our offices. A goodly number of the films were in 16mm too, which added to my pleasure because I was certain we were reaching the very filmmakers that the big "porn" distributors were ignoring and thus getting into "class" eroticism.

In all honesty, I must admit we screened out an awful lot of garbage that people seemed to deem worthy of the festival—a probing closeup of the hair in someone's nose; two pigs going at it; a potter molding a clay bowl; and even an autopsy film, which actually might have been sort of interesting to show to bring the whole sexual thing back into perspective. In all, we screened about 115 films and settled on 53 for the Festival—about two thirds in 16mm and ranging in length from 90 seconds to 120 minutes.

Assembling a panel of astute and qualified judges presented some problems, but none insurmountable. The main bone of contention for all the "celebs" I approached seemed to be who would be the first to take the affirmative plunge: "Well, if so-and-so does it and what's-his-face agrees, count me in." By this time I'd become a master of what I like to call the *righteous con* and I was coming on like a pony player at the \$20 window: "Yes, he's in. Absolutely, sure thing." Hah. Such egos. Finally, I had confirmed Gore Vidal, Milos Forman, Andy Warhol, Sylvia Miles, Al Goldstein, Betty Dodson, Karen Sperling and Alex Bennett, and the media mavens were coming on like weathermen who do know which way the wind blows. My appointments calendar was beginning to read like a *Who's Who* of New York.

A press party was set up at the Village Gate and it was sensational. Everybody from Hunting-



Photo by Jon Stevens for the New York Erotic Film Festival

Producer Ken Gaul presiding over First Annual New York Erotic Film Festival.

ton Hartford to Anthony Perkins to Germaine Greer to Lesley West showed up. There were nude go-go dancers, a screening of some of the entries, fine food and ambience, people exposing themselves and representatives of everything from ABC News to the *Communist Daily World*. *Variety* called it the bash of the year.

The next day we opened in four theaters—on East 59th St., East 12th St. and two in Times Square. Each show was approximately 2½

hours long and made up of one full-length feature and three to five shorts. Watching the type of people entering the theater I felt vindicated in my original purpose for running the Festival; there were young couples, straight businessmen, suburban types, women by themselves, long-haired furry freaks and of course the standard raincoat brigade. I think if they ever start arresting those "unsavory elements" that attend "porno" movies, it will look like

There were couples, straight businessmen, suburban types, and, of course, the standard raincoat brigade.



Jerry Gary Yoko Berry Dalton Cyndi Lauper Andy Warhol Alan Bennett Karen Spelling Miles Edrington Al Goldstein Festival Directors Ken Goss Roger Sichel Audience will vote on films and elect final winners

FIRST ANNUAL
NEW YORK
EROTIC FILM FESTIVAL
Held at the New York City Public Library
F.A.N.F.F.F. 110 E. 12th Street, 10003 New York City



The festival had its lighter moments. Scenes shown at left are from *Forbidden Under Censorship of the King*.

they emptied the contents of a Paramus, N.J., A&P into the paddy wagon.

The first week went well with films such as *The Man From Onan* (Shoeshine Films), *Room Service 75* (Fred Baker Films), *The Long Swift Sword of Siegfried* (Dave Friedman), *The Appointment* (Chuck Vincent), *Eyetoons* (Gerry Abrams), *A Quickie* (Dirk Kortz), and, from an initial advertising budget of \$7500 per week, we were grossing \$40,000.

Then the problems started. In an attempt to reach at least a break-even point financially, as well as bring the Festival to as diverse an audience as possible (not to mention eluding the Public

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Pioneers Of Porno

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script and told them truthfully what we had. We had a good solid story which also happened to have some very explicit sexual scenes in it, we wanted to use SAG actors and we were willing to pay SAG wages and comply to working conditions. We also told them that both the film and its publicity would be handled with taste and discretion and would they consider letting us do that." Craig gets that twinkle in his eye again like he's about to tell one of those secrets. "It was all really very funny. We expected a lot of hemming and hawing and were prepared to do a bit of convincing if necessary but the SAG representative read the script and gave us a flat yes. It seems that SAG does not make artistic judgments, as we had thought, but is mainly interested in protecting their players in regard to salary and working conditions. It made me think about all those other hard core films like *Deep Throat* and *The Devil In Miss Jones*, and how they probably could have had their films sanctioned by SAG, but I guess either they didn't know that or they didn't want to know so that they wouldn't have to pay higher salaries. What a business for a nice boy from Syracuse University to get into!" Craig laughs. He could have just been accused of spreading a national VD epidemic and you would have been thrilled for him. He just has that kind of quality. Craig runs downstairs to get coffee for all of us, so Shawn Harris and I are left alone.

She seems a bit shy without him and talks about very general topics... the latest diet, exercise, her pending trip back to her home town in Galveston, Texas, and how her parents feel about her present career. "My father is a doctor," Shawn says with her slight southern drawl, "and my mother is, you know, charity-minded and pretty aware, but I don't think they talk much about what I'm doing. I think they accept it but I don't know if they're too crazy about it. I did it

and so there isn't really much to say to them about it. They'll get used to it." It has always seemed to me a great fantasy for women to imagine themselves brilliantly lit and naked, inches away from a light meterman, ready to do their thing for the cameras with some unbelievable leading man while an entire film crew looks on in awe. But it is usually just that—a fantasy and the reality of it would not be half as exciting. I asked Shawn how she felt doing it. She was quite candid. "When I read the ad about this film in a trade paper, I went up to audition as a joke. Well, half a joke. The film didn't sound seedy, or anything like that. They worded it very well. I had seen Harry Reems in a number of his films and I thought, oh, he's very attractive and I wouldn't mind having him. I fantasized about that, but I never seriously thought about doing a hard core film. I wanted to be an actress, that's all. I imagined a room full of dirty old men ready to pounce on me, but it wasn't like that at all. The first person I met was Craig and I liked him immedi-



Shawn Harris with Craig Baumgarten.

ately. I liked everyone there, and they all assured me that this film would be done tastefully and that all the publicity would be handled with a great deal of class. They also told me about the SAG thing. I think I got scared when they offered me the part. In fact, I panicked and turned it down at first. But I thought about it for a while. I'm bi-sexual and I don't keep that a secret, but sex is very private and beautiful to me, and I

couldn't really imagine feeling anything sexually while a few dozen people were standing over me and staring at me. Then after a few days I said yes."

Craig returned with the coffee. "It was really something," he said. "She was so nervous about her sex scenes that she must have smoked a few dozen joints just to get up the nerve." He touches her lightly and she smiles at him. "That first scene," says Shawn, "was really a mind blower for me. I had to make love to this girl who plays the nurse. Well, that would have been fine for me in private, but I had to smoke till I could do it and I was still nervous. I guess she was too. Then, in the middle of this hot and heavy scene, there is the director, telling me to put my arm there, keep my leg in that position, try not to move my head away from the camera. I mean, how does anyone expect someone to get it on while they're in pain from a cramped leg held in one position that long so the damn camera can get an artistic-looking shot. All the rest of the sex scenes were just like that except for the one with Harry Reems." Harry Reems is talked about like the eighth wonder of the world. Both Craig and Shawn seem to have a kind of awe for this man who has a command of his body that almost defies nature. He is a sort of one-man circus, ready to do the high wire on command which makes him clearly the king of the hard core court, with a dazzling array of porno queens panting for a co-star billing.

"Harry is a pro," says Shawn. "He makes you feel at ease. His control is unbelievable. We were on this grassy lawn for one of the scenes. He plays my doctor in the mental institution and I have this sex fantasy about him. Well, I smoked quite a bit before that scene, but I didn't even need to. He relaxed me so that I started to let myself go and I was feeling very sensual. It was all very nice. Suddenly Harry disengages himself from me, completely stops his emotion and screams to the lighting man to change his lighting because he thought we were getting shadows. Then he tells the camera man just what kind of shot to get from behind and he

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The Blips and Bloops of TV

By Jay Acton

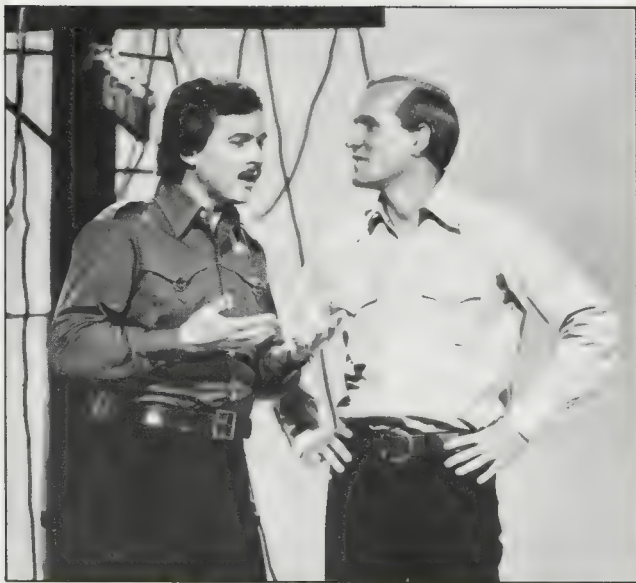
"I HAVE found TV censorship to be so petty, niggling, small-minded and silly that it is well-nigh impossible to wax eloquent on the subject," says talk show host Dick Cavett. "It's not a monster one is dealing with, not a giant predatory bird blocking out the sun but intermittent swarms of tiny insects, nipping you to death."

Cavett's dilemma is not unique. From the outset television has not enjoyed the same freedom from scrutiny that the printed word, theatre and film have. There are two main reasons.

First, in one fell swoop a single television program reaches millions of viewers. For a book, movie or stage performance to tap the same audience would take months, even years. The effect of television on our culture is electric, instantaneous. It can create heroes, villains, and trends overnight. It is a terrible swift sword to be wielded very carefully.

Secondly, unlike other media, television is subject to direct government regulation. Stations are licensed and subject to the control of the Federal Communications Commission. Although the FCC cannot exercise its powers directly over program content it does have the authority to deny license renewal to a station whose programming has not been in the public interest.

Obviously, this is a thinly veiled threat. But it's enough to keep the three major networks—each of whom own five stations outright—under the FCC's thumb. Those flagship stations can be enormously profitable so NBC, ABC, and CBS think twice before



Although audiences liked the Smothers Brothers' irreverent humor, the CBS brass did not, and their program was cancelled.

setting out to offend the FCC.

The origins of television censorship are akin to those that plagued radio during that medium's golden age. Fred Allen is reputed to have always put in three gags he knew didn't have a prayer of making it past his show's censors. He'd obligingly trim the three blue notes and still have intact all the zingy one-liners he really wanted to unload on his audience. Famed radio writer and performer Goodman Ace recalls how writers were always trying to one-up the censors who were also charged with looking out for the sponsor's interest. On a program sponsored by Old Gold cigarettes,

a miner came running out shouting: "I've made a lucky strike." And once on the Lucky Strike hour W.C. Fields let drop that he had a nephew named Chester.

Censor problems carried over into the early days of television. On Perry Como's Christmas show one year a skit was torpedoed that had Bishop Fulton J. Sheen returning his present. Why? Someone had given him a necktie. Network bluenoses thought the parody to be in bad taste and potentially offensive to Catholic viewers.

And viewers will long remember Elvis Presley's first appearance

on the Ed Sullivan Show. To protect the virtue of hundreds of thousands of pre-pubescent girls throughout the country, Elvis the Pelvis was seen only from the waist up.

Today there is probably no performer on television who does not chafe at the list of people who gainsay his material before it reaches the viewing public. Each network has its own broadcast standards or practices department. (CBS and NBC have approximately 50 censors each.) And anything that is sticky is cleared through the home office in New York. For years Senator John Pastore has been urging the networks to let the National Association of Broadcasters prescreen all shows. They have demurred.

Probably the biggest and most sustained furor in recent years has been the White House attack on network news. Former Vice President Spiro Agnew was a frequent hatchetman and the Office of Telecommunications under Clay Whitehead kept up a barrage of criticism to reform what the Nixon administration felt was a consistently liberal cast to the news.

What effect did the pressure have? Tim Crouse, who wrote about press coverage of the 1972 presidential campaign in his book *The Boys On the Bus*, offered the following example:

On October 27, 1972 CBS devoted fourteen minutes (an inordinately long segment by network standards) to a special roundup on Watergate.

The report was well-received and a second segment of similar length was scheduled for the following evening. Charles Colson, then Special Counsel to the President, called CBS Chairman



William Paley to complain. Result: The second installment was trimmed to six minutes. News executives thought, according to Crouse, it had become a rushed, run-of-the-mill takeout, difficult for the average viewer to follow. The network then decided against running it.

Even if the White House barbs had no direct effect, the networks could not have helped but feel a chill breath on the back of their collective necks during the Nixon years.

Another ball-and-chain the networks have to carry around is the FCC's fairness doctrine. Roughly speaking, if you give time to a proponent on a controversial topic you've got to give equal time to his adversary.

Dick Cavett was frequently saddled with this. Opponents of the SST were on his show and shortly afterwards the White House called demanding a showcase for its flacks. Subsequently, they appeared. Cavett claims the administration spokesman generated a great deal of negative



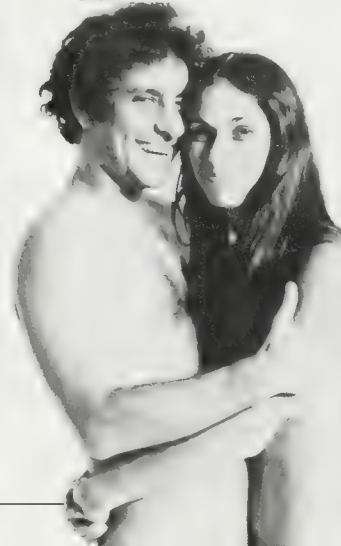
Joan Baez (above) and Benjamin Spock found out that peace was a TV no-no.

viewer response. He was similarly angered when he staged a reunion of the Chicago 7 and had to append a segment to that show reflecting conservative influence. (His contract with ABC went further than the Fairness Doctrine. It had a clause that stated

all controversial viewpoints had to be offset within the same show. He wondered, however, why the clause had never been invoked when George Wallace, Barry Goldwater or a group of returned POWs had guested his show.)

Politics on the air has proved a stumbling block for comedians as well. The Smothers were virtually spliced off CBS in 1969. Censors on the brothers' show axed a piece where Harry Belafonte sang a parcel of calypso tunes in front of a newsreel backdrop of the 1968 Democratic Convention (complete with scenes of street violence). An appearance by anti-war activist Dr. Benjamin Spock was dropped. And singer Joan Baez was allowed to dedicate a song to then husband David Harris, who went to prison rather than be inducted

Abbie Hoffman was bleeped during the Chicago 7 reunion on the Dick Cavett Show.



into the Armed Services, but she was not allowed to say why he was doing time.

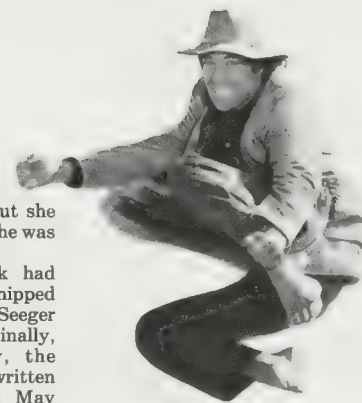
In 1967 Tom and Dick had trouble when the network snipped an anti-war ballad by Pete Seeger about President Johnson. Finally, adding insult to injury, the censors clipped a piece written and performed by Elaine May about—of all people—censors!

Merv Griffin has also had his problems with the CBS tape-watchers. Elke Sommer appeared on his show asking people to write letters for peace and so did Carol Burnett. Both entreaties were bleeped as was Abbie Hoffman's visual protest of the war. (He wore the American flag sewn up into a shirt.) Griffin viewers must have thought something was wrong with their sets. Every time Abbie spoke and the camera cut to him a patch of blue appeared.

Joseph Papp, the theatre impresario, readied a production of David Rabe's anti-war *Sticks and Bones* for CBS. The network chose not to run it in March of 1973 because the first group of POWs were just coming home. Seventy-one of CBS's 184 affiliates declined to air the production.

CBS President Robert Wood commented that the program "might be unnecessarily abrasive to the feelings of millions of Americans whose lives or attention are at the moment emotionally dominated by the returning POWs and other veterans who have suffered the ravages of war."

Politics is just one of the taboos that have to be dealt with. When NBC aired *The Godfather* its director, Francis Ford Coppola, who had pared the film himself, introduced it, pointing out to the audience that there were still some



David Carradine in *Kung Fu* dispenses Eastern philosophy between fracas.

elements in the film likely to offend more sensitive viewers.

TV violence seems to come and go in waves, always to be supplanted by more sophisticated forms. Horse operas where cowboys are killed between commercial breaks are replaced by shows like "The Avengers" where the violence is strictly upper-crust. And "The Avengers" gives way to the likes of "Kung Fu" where the fracas are staged, Eastern-style.

Most-blepped honors probably go to *Tonight* show host Johnny Carson who has held forth in that spot for some thirteen years. Americans' favorite late night pastime is to try to read Johnny's lips as he's silenced trying to get off some double-entendre.

As late as the mid-sixties "hell" and "damn" were routinely scissored on his show. And when stripper Gypsy Rose Lee mentioned Leroi Jones' play "The Toilet" she got her mouth washed out. Home audiences thought Jones had written "The Bloop." Using the word "pregnant" also used to be another no-no.

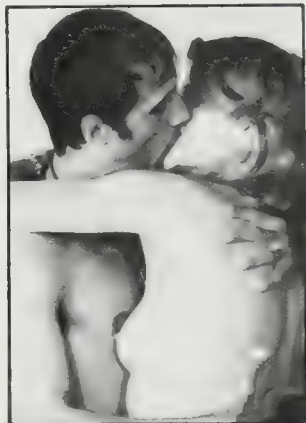
Words aren't all that worry network brass. ABC yanked a 1974 *Movie of The Week* starring

(Continued on page 76)

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Yuppi Du

A FILM DIRECTED by the Italian entertainer Adriano Celentano, *Yuppi Du* made its international debut in St. Moritz February 28, and will shortly be released in the United States. Celentano, who is considered to be the Italian equivalent of Jerry Lewis, wrote both the script and the music for the film, as well as



being its star and director. Co-starring with Celentano is Charlotte Rampling, who is best known for her film roles dealing with the kinkier aspects of sex Nazi-style in such films as *The Damned* and *The Night Porter*. Also in the cast are Lino Toffolo, Gino Santercole, and Claudia Mori, who in real life is Celentano's wife.

Yuppi Du was filmed primarily in Venice and shows a side of the city that is not seen in postcard pictures or tourist brochures; the smog in the air and the pollution of the canals are all graphically seen. One of the themes throughout the film, that love is corrupted by money and materialism, is interposed with the dreams of the hero and heroine, particularly in an evocative love scene on the Isle of Torcello.

The Yakuza

SIDNEY POLLACK'S new film for Warner Brothers is *The Yakuza* starring Robert Mitchum and Takakura Ken, the hero of the foremost Japanese hits in the yakuza genre. (The yakuza genre can be briefly described as a samurai story updated to the 20th century and usually concerned with two rival factions whose quarrel is solved by a Hero, samurai-fashion.) Pollack's previous films have included *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* and *Jeremiah Johnson*.

Also starring in the film are Brian Keith, Herb Edelman, Richard Jordan, Kishi Keiko and Okada Eiji. It was photographed



A cooperative effort between American and Japanese filmmakers.



These scenes show the influence of the yakuza genre on the film.

in Japan by Okazaki Kozo and in the United States by Duke Callaghan. Scenes shown are Robert Mitchum as Harry and Kishi Keiko as Eiko in a Tokyo scene. Mitchum and tatooed actor rehearse a scene, Takakura Ken as Tanaka in the ritual of Kendo, and Mitchum with guns ready in an American scene from the film.

New Orleans

(Continued from page 61)

a crucial plot point, by-passed by pure convention. And in perhaps the most "mature picture of the year."

The push toward this kind of freedom will probably have to come from the bottom. A few years ago, a certain amount of nudity became acceptable in the films of the major studios simply because nudity had already been proved acceptable by the skin flicks. The same thing, I suspect, will happen with erotic realism. But first the makers of these so-called adult entertainments will have to discover what the term means. They will have to move beyond their adolescent obsession with plunging genitalia and deep-throated fellatio, and develop the emotional aura that gives meaning and feeling to the sexual act. They will have to develop scripts that examine with candor and perception the relation between the sexes. And they will have to develop actors who can not only go through the motions of sex, but who can project the emotions.

This may be a tall order. At the moment, the members of the Adult Film Association have not only federal court arraignments against them, but the niggardliness of their own budgets. Quality takes time; and in the movies, time is money. But even now budgets are beginning to go up. The Mitchell brothers, producers of *Beyond the Green Door* and *The Resurrection of Eve*, have stated that the cost of their up-coming *Sodom and Gomorrah* is in excess of \$75,000, while such recent pornos as *Score* and *Pamela Mann* clearly went considerably beyond the \$25,000 barrier.

But the bottom line question is not how much does a movie cost, but how much does it say, and how well does it say it? I must confess that there were moments during my New Orleans sojourn when I felt like a fool and an idiot talking to the fast-buck boys about art and imagination. On the other hand, I am convinced that unless these elements are brought into play, the audiences for these films will remain circumscribed. □

THE SMALL SCREEN

(Continued from page 71)

Connie Stevens as a Marilyn Monroe type. The reason given was that the production needed more editing. Insiders say the ABC kingpins wanted to see Miss Stevens more securely draped before putting the program out for public consumption.

Even the documentary filmmakers on educational television have taken their lumps. Frederick Wiseman, whose *Titicut Follies*, *High School*, and *Juvenile Court* have all drawn acclaim, unveiled a new film, *Primate*, in late 1974.

The film depicted animal research at the Yerkes Primate Research Center in Atlanta, Georgia. Wiseman's films are cinema verite and as such have no running commentary—what you see is what you get.

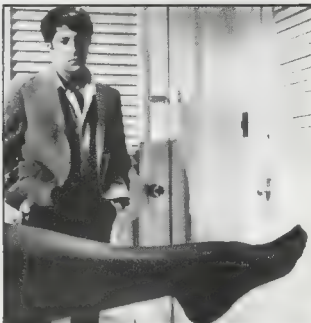
The director of the Primate Center, Dr. Geoffrey H. Bourne, took rather violent exception to the film, saying that without accompanying narration it was not possible for the layman to intelligently assess what his eyes were seeing. He described the show as a "mishmash of synthetic sadism, confusion, misunderstanding, misrepresentation and obsession with sex." However, he declined offers to rebut Mr. Wiseman's film on TV preferring, strangely, to attack him in the public prints. Dr. Bourne said he refused the offer because it would "dignify" the film.

One thing seems sure in the great TV censorship boondoggle, and that is that more government muscle is on the way. In 1969 Senator Pastore had asked the Surgeon General to conduct a study to see what effect violence on television has had on children. That report was released in 1972 and concluded: "The casual relationship between televised violence and antisocial behavior is sufficient to warrant appropriate and immediate remedial action." The FCC in turn has pressed the networks hard to come up with new broadcasting standards which would include voluntary restraints on sex, violence, and other material that might be unsuitable for children. Johnny Carson and Dick Cavett—watch out! □

Novels Become Films

(Continued from page 32)

authors allow their publishers percentages of the potential film sale money, but publishers nevertheless profit from increased sales of the trade and paperback editions. Therefore, the publisher, along with the author, regards a film sale as a coup of sorts. Now and then, a film company will help an author financially with an advance on film rights while the novel is being written. This happened with *The Godfather*. But it



The Graduate

is not a prevalent practice.

And few authors deliberately fashion their novels so that they will become film properties as well. Practically every word of fiction written by Graham Greene has been turned into film, but this is because Greene's novels are almost naturally cinematic in their style and construction. Obviously, a suspense writer of the caliber of Helen MacInnes will attract film makers time and again. Irving Wallace seldom misses, nor did Jacqueline Susann. But there have been best-selling authors who have never had films made from their books: Rebecca West for one, Louis Auchincloss for another. It took years before *Catch-22*, or *Bang the Drum Slowly* made it to film, and these because film makers, now and again, keep faith in their "properties," hot or otherwise, until someone gives the go-ahead.

One thing we may be sure of: during the next year or so another film super-hit will come along, and it will have been adapted from a novel. Which one? For the film companies, that's the catch. □

The University of Iowa

By Ron Fry

ALTHOUGH THE traditional powerhouses of student filmmaking have always been concentrated on the East and West Coasts, a growing number of students are making their mark in the Midwest with films garnering an increasingly greater share of prestigious national filmmaking awards.

One of the centers of the Mid-

west's thundering new herd of filmmakers is the University of Iowa, an engagingly bucolic 900 acre campus that spans the Iowa River Valley near Cedar Rapids.

Cavalier magazine once called Iowa an emerging center of "avante-garde" filmmaking. Not avante-garde, really, not Iowa, but surrounded by the ubiquitous cornfields—a source of expected and widespread amusement among out-of-state students—

Iowa has produced some major films and claims to be one of the best equipped film centers in the country.

"Iowa," notes former student and professor Ted Perry, "...is free from specific orientation. Here we can try what others have not—and we can do what others are not doing."

Iowa has had some time to develop its film program. The University itself was founded in



Christopher Parker's Cut, a film within a film, won first prize in the National Student Association contest in 1968.

1847, just two months after Iowa's admission to statehood. More than 20,000 students—four-fifths of them Iowa residents—attend classes in the ten undergraduate colleges and three professional schools and in the various graduate divisions. Given this enrollment, it is rather surprising that rarely, if ever, are there more than 40 students enrolled in the film program...especially considering its output.

And especially considering the history of the Iowa film school. In the Midwest, Iowa has pioneered in the fields of radio and TV broadcasting training for undergraduates. Iowa has produced more doctors in film than any other school in the country. The earliest master's degree was awarded more than 60 years ago.

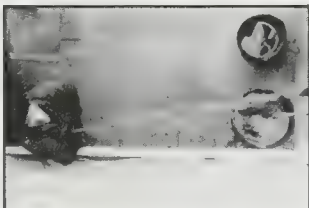
One note, though: when Ted Perry talks about the creative process of filmmaking, he isn't talking about "art" films, pornography of any sort...or even foreign films!

The only art films *seen* with any regularity in Iowa City are shown in the University Memorial Union as part of the school's Cinema 16 program. Their quality fluctuates from mediocre to terrible.

And yet Iowa has produced some great films. Perhaps the best known is *Cut* by Christopher Parker, the 1968 prizewinner at the Second Annual National Student Association competition. Parker was a Ph.D. candidate in comparative literature when he made *Cut*, an intricate and technically complex story of a man making a film, and his relationship to the professor who wants him to study Herodotus instead. The film moves constantly from the lives of the five main char-

acters to the shooting, editing and screening of the film within a film. In words reminiscent of Godard's philosophical monologues, one of his characters sums it up best: "Film is like the snake, the worm Ourbours," he intones, "and like all continuous forms it can be symbolic of evil." Chris is currently teaching art at a small New Jersey college.

The current crop of student films is certainly not far behind



Bob Lovely's documentary *Roofers*.

Cut in quality, technical proficiency or originality.

Roofers, by Bob Lovely, is the story of one of the crews that spreads tar on top of commercial buildings. Its documentary, handheld camera style and electronic music combine to create a revealing study of people and their work. It won a CINE Golden Eagle award. Bob is now working as head cinematographer for a television station in Madison, Wisconsin.

Grease, by Chuck Hudina, is a 45-minute dramatic re-creation of Hudina's high school milieu in the early '60s. It dwells on the two distinct ethnic sections of town—Italian and Slovenian—and vividly portrays the friction between them. The sexuality of those days is shown as it was—a cat and



Chuck Hudina's award-winner *Grease*.

mouse game in which the cat often went hungry. One of the best scenes in the film is a back alley argument between a boy and girl which is an almost choreographed mating ritual. The film is not particularly sympathetic to the characters; one, for example, is blatantly (and pityfully) racist. *Grease* won Chuck, now a senior at Iowa, the Golden Phoenix award at the Atlanta Film Festival in a category called "life styles," created especially for the film.

Household of Faith, by Ron Stanford, is a short *verité* study of a black church in Cedar Rapids. It quickly captures its audience by concentrating on the rhythms of speech and song throughout a service.

Jay Tannenbaum's *Hoops* does



Grease dramatically re-creates Hudina's high-school days in the early 60s.

for girls' basketball almost what *Ball Four* did for professional baseball. The cinema *verité* technique allowed Jay, now a professional in Chicago, to expose the exploitative aspects of a girls' basketball tournament.

Kirby Graber's *Happy Family* was not such a happy film. Excellent acting managed, however, to transform a simple story of a boy's visit to an older relative's farm into a powerful study of loneliness, life, death and love in a complex world. Kirby is still in Iowa, working as a filmmaker in the Davenport area.

Bob Seaman's documentary, *Which Way? This Way*, is a film every handicapped person in the world should be required to see. By focusing on a blind college student's attempts to lead a

normal life—including such pastimes as playing basketball and shooting pool—Bob's film becomes a startling portrait of gutsy guy out to prove everybody wrong. Handicapped? He never heard the word. Bob's commitment to documentary led him to New York, where he worked with Bill Jersey. He is currently freelancing in California.

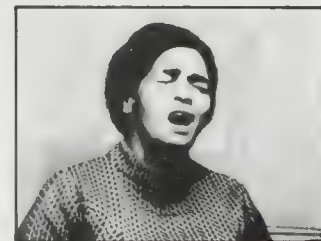
There are more films. The small number of filmmakers at Iowa not only manage to produce a disproportionately large body of work each year, they manage to produce quality.

"These students," says assistant professor Franklin Miller, "are almost all heading into professional filmmaking. They don't want to take the time to make lousy films. They want films

they can show to the pros and say, 'Here's my work. Pretty good, huh? How about a job?' I think that's probably why I can't think of even one erotic, or let's say, pornographic film in the years that I've been here."

From what we saw of the Iowa films, he's right. No porn. No erotic shots. Little nudity. And censorship is not the cause, according to *all* the students and professors we spoke with. It must be, as Professor Miller put it, that "they're just not interested."

The students' professed goals are admirable, especially since the University does not see its film program as "solely preparation for a professional career." Students don't share that view. They are there primarily to learn the techniques and creative processes that will help them secure good



Ron Stanford's *Household of Faith*.



Jay Tannenbaum's *Hoops* explores the negative side of girls' basketball.

jobs in the industry when they graduate, just like the students at any of the larger coast colleges and universities.

But they do have to work hard to make up for the lack of proper equipment and courses, Iowa's boast ("best equipped film center in the country") notwithstanding. The film program is actually a part of a speech and dramatic art major. There are 40 courses offered in radio and television broadcasting and film, with the majority (23) in film. Few of these, however, are actually concerned with production. Most of the film courses are the standard English major's delights—History of Film Criticism, American Film and American Culture, American Film History, etc. The six required semester hours of production seem a woefully short time in which to produce high quality professional films.

The production courses for broadcasting (which many film majors also dabble in) are held in the University Television Center and in the studios of campus radio station WSUI. The large television studio in the center is equipped with three monochrome standard broadcast cameras, all of the associated audio and lighting equipment, telecine island and both ½ inch and two 2-inch videotape recorders. Most of the nearby classrooms are wired for television and a large area is set aside for videotape study.

Students in film sometimes use the television studio as a sound stage, but they have to assume at the outset that most of their shooting is going to be on location. Six Bolex Macrozoom Super-8 cameras are used for the introductory course, seven Bell and



Bob Seaman's documentary *Which Way? This Way* deals with a blind college student's attempts to overcome his handicap.

Howell and one Bolex 16mm cameras for intermediate work and three 16mm Arriflexes for the advanced courses.

Two Sony and two Nagra tape recorders are used for sound and eight Lowell quartz lights for lighting. Each course has its own editing area; there are eight 8mm stations and fifteen 16mm stations (ten of them equipped for sound editing). There are two Moviola editing machines, one sync-selsyn sound interlock viewing area and a very modest animation stand.

The University also maintains a complete motion picture laboratory so that all processing and printing can be done on campus. They recently acquired a new sound mixing facility that has a

three channel, sync-selsyn program-insert capability, a pretty hefty addition considering the bare adequacy of the other equipment in use.

Our prediction is for more and better films from Iowa, despite low enrollment, a shortage of really good professional equipment and a shortage of professors (only three currently, two part-time). Iowa began a resurgence not too long ago under the leadership of Raymond Fielding, who came to the campus from the University of Southern California. Fielding, a former president of the University Film Producers Association, managed to spark the students' creativity, making sure their only obstacles were the

practical considerations of project cost, length, and complexity.

Since then the University of Iowa has lost Fielding to Temple, Ted Perry to Texas, and a number of other professors to other schools. It's time for the Midwest campus to rise and provide more lasting leadership for the student film movement. Iowa, with its pioneering history and free-wheeling sense of experimentation seems ready to shoulder the load. The multi-level, plaza type Television and Film complex completed in 1971 is certainly a step in this direction.

The calibre of the films we have seen and discussed is the other—the far more meaningful and important—step. □

Romy Schneider

(Continued from page 41)

establishment that had created that image. They both shared the same degree of ambition, but where Alain strove for success in any form—either on the screen or in one of his various businesses—Romy only wanted to be a successful actress.

After breaking up with Delon, Romy's career was at a low point. There was very little work for her, and she felt more than ever the awful frustration of not being taken seriously. She was neither the pure image of Sissi nor the wife of the man who had virtually carried her off. Although she says that she has become hardened by this period, it is more likely that she has become less compromising, and now tends to consider people in more absolute terms.

She speaks of Delon now with a

her talents, a person for whom Romy has unbounded respect and admiration. He persuaded her to take the lead opposite Delon in his stage production of *'Tis A Pity She's A Whore*, for which she received good notices. But apart from touring the French provinces with Sacha Pitoeff in *The Seagull*, she has not worked in the theatre since then. "I would like to go back to the stage, but I would like to play in Berlin first," she says, "I've not yet acted on the stage in my own language." However, she still wants to make films for the next two or three years, but not at the same hectic pace as before.

Of Visconti, Romy says, "Unquestionably, he has been the most important director for me. It was he who made me act in the theatre." She recalls that while on tour with *The Seagull*, he came to see the play. "We were in Chartres and someone told me he was in the audience. The idea that he had come all that way just to

der, let us see what you can do'..." Although she admits she has made many mistakes in both her work and her private life, she intends to be more careful from now on. "Only my son David and my work are really important now," she says somewhat wistfully.

Now separated from her husband, German theatre director Harry Meyen, she lives with her eight-year-old son David in a charming house in Paris near the Bois de Boulogne. She takes motherhood very seriously and spends as much time with David as she can. "I want to have another child," she says, "I feel I can now take on the responsibility of another child without getting married, and it would be good for David not to be on his own."

Although not as fanatically feminist as Delphine Seyrig, she is nonetheless quietly independent and follows her own ideas with characteristic determination. She was a supporter of Willy Brandt and campaigned for a change in the German abortion laws.

She humorously gives a detailed account of the number of choice roles that have passed her by. In a very organized fashion, she would systematically write notes to directors asking them for parts. "But it didn't work," she explains, "For example, I wanted to do *Mademoiselle* with Joseph Losey from a script by Jean Genet. We were at the Hotel George V in Paris with Sam Spiegel, and the discussion had been going on for hours. I kept saying to Sam, 'Now don't go and play poker—we've got to settle this. Genet needs the money and we want to work'..." She continued, her greyish-green eyes sparkling as she recalled the battle. "But in comes Tony Richardson with his group—and his money—and Jeanne Moreau was *Mademoiselle*."

Although she regrets not having made a film with Luis Bunuel, she is proud of having reconciled him with Losey. "It was during the shooting of *Trotsky* in Mexico," she says, "Bunuel didn't want to have anything to do with the 'Losey group.' This was aggravated by the fact that there was a sort of general animosity towards this

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As Lady Anne in *Richard III*, the play within the film (*L'Importance*)

sort of affectionate impatience. "He does too much, he's too diversified—what with boxing matches, air companies, production companies—so he's in a rut with his acting." They still continue to be friends, however, and since their split they have acted twice together, first in Jacques Deray's *La Piscine* and then in Joseph Losey's *The Assassination of Trotsky*.

Luchino Visconti was the first director who took serious notice of

see me got me panicked. I've never been so bad," says Romy adding, "But Luchino understood."

She says he drives his actors equally hard, whether on the stage or before the camera. "He's very tyrannical and he pushes actors as far as he can, but he gives as much as he expects to get in return. I just wish others had his talent. I'm tired of directors who don't really give a damn, who look at you and say, 'Now, Miss Schnei-

(Continued from page 19)

After bouncing around between stage, television and a little fling with motion pictures, Essex made his big move in November, 1971, when he opened with the show *Godspell* in London's Wyndham's Theatre. Riding a wave of rave reviews to instant stardom in the British Isles, everything suddenly changed for the hard-working Essex. Out of nowhere came record company executives dangling lucrative contracts before his wary eyes. The movies beckoned. Fan clubs emerged. And certain artistic choices loomed, choices dealing with his priorities among the many avenues his multi-faceted talents had opened up. Would it be acting or music?

"I was indifferent at first to making records again. Recording companies had treated me fairly badly, forcing me to make records I didn't particularly like. It was only when a record company told me to do whatever I liked that I chose to resume my recording career. I told the executives I had my own special ideas about music, and about what I wanted to do with it, and they were willing to back me up, so I finally said OK. I had to fight with them a bit over releasing 'Rock On' as a single, but they finally agreed and you know the rest."

"When it comes to pinning down preferences, music still comes first with me. I suppose I'm the first full-blooded 'Rock Actor,' but I lean more heavily toward the 'Rock' than the 'Actor,' to be truthful. I do enjoy theater a lot, much more than making films—like most actors say, and I must agree, filming a picture can be very tedious, and not nearly as creative and flowing as the stage. When you shoot a film like *Stardust*, for instance, with the changes that the character goes through and all, shooting the movie out of the normal context and sequence can be most confusing, you know."

And how does David Essex assess *Stardust*?

Stardust is a fine film, believe me. If it works, it works because you've got musicians, and rock

people—real musicians, real rock people—so it's all quite believable. The situations that went on, where Jim MacLaine's theory is really David Essex's theory—it was all believable. While it is a piece of fiction, it's fiction based on events that have actually happened. You know, I've never done anything that I personally think is one hundred per cent right, but I truly think *Stardust* works."

"Keith Moon in particular is outstanding. (Moon, renowned drummer for "The Who," plays The Cats percussionist J.D. Clover in the movie) Keith does have a reputation, I know—he has a habit of drinking excessively—



but when it comes to work he's a real professional. And he gave such a good quality to the band in *Stardust*, to the point that it really looked like an actual group. They had that certain amount of lunacy, that measure of nauseating humor that makes them funny only to themselves, and a pain in the neck to everyone around them—really life-like, you know? And Keith was the clincher."

When I interviewed David Essex, he'd only been in this country for five hours. This was the third time he had come to America, he said, so I asked him what his impressions were, if any place in particular stood out in his mind. One place in particular had.

"I didn't like Miami at all, I'm afraid to say. It's such a terribly

depressing place. Frighteningly depressing. All the old people there, my Lord. And it's so *gauche*, it really is, I just couldn't believe the place. We knew nothing of the carry-on of the clubs or what they were like, and my friends and I decided to check one out. We went into one—it was very quiet, then the music started up, and all of a sudden this great big enormously-gilled woman came out and started dancing on the tables. I mean, I'm sitting there with my beer and this gigantic woman is bouncing around on the table. I just thought to myself, 'I can't believe this.' I'd never seen such bad taste. Really."

"One thing I've noticed about Americans is that they're always into things. They're always into something cosmic, for instance. For some reason they can't just live a life—it's as if they need an excuse to exist. You know, I think there's something naive about that—instead of just accepting life as life, they've got to be into something else. Or pretend there's something else to be into. Why, I actually met this guy in L.A. who told me quite proudly, 'I'm into being into nothing, man.'"

"I guess the main thing that America represents to me is that it's the *biggest* thing I've ever seen. But I love England. I've no desire to be anywhere else."

As for the future, David Essex likes to imagine a colossal concert tour that would fuse his many talents into a grand multi-media extravaganza. After being reminded that such a production sounds much like a pivotal point in the abortive career of *Stardust*'s tragic hero Jim MacLaine, Essex floats gently back to earth. "I really don't see myself as Jim MacLaine. He had the overwhelming ambition to be famous—to conquer America, to conquer the world. I've no such obsession. I've really only wanted to be a jazz drummer."

Then he gave it some more thought.

"What I'd *really* like to do is one of those Douglas Fairbanks films. You know — that's what I'd really like to do most of all. Douglas Fairbanks would be absolutely wonderful. Or fighting dragons." □

(Continued from page 67)

Morals Squad turkeys), we changed the show at each theater every two days and moved it to a different location, thus assuring ourselves of near-impossible logistics problems. Films began to get delivered to theaters late, 16mm projectors had to be rented for two theaters that didn't have them, wooden stands had to be built at 3:00 A.M. in one theater to hold the projectors, the expense of a bi-nightly film delivery service began to mount and the technical director genius of the Festival, Fred von Benewitz was threatening resignation hourly.

So we decided that four theaters was too many and we dropped one to make for a more manageable situation. Of course the media picked up on this and blared headlines like: "EROTIC FEST CUTS BACK TO 3 LOCATIONS IN WAKE OF LOGISTICS SNAFUS AND POLICE PROBLEMS." The former was partly true, the latter incorrect. Midway into the second week New York's Public Morals Squad, apparently saw reason to abandon reason and bust the Festival for something called "Promoting Obscenity." Two films were busted and subpoenas issued for my appearance in court. Immediately those "in the know" started advising me to pull the two films or said shit will hit said fan. I refused, the show went on and said shit did indeed hit said fan...two more films were busted.

Not really affected by the busts at all, the Festival continued into its second and third weeks with such films as *Hot Circuit* (Acorn Films), *San Francisco Blue* (Gerry Abrams), *Holding* (Connie Beeson), *Orange* (Karen Johnson), *Confessions Of A Male Groupie* (Nicholas Grip-p), *Grover* (Grover Dale), and stayed near the \$30,000 per week

gross. At the end of the third week, after having been viewed by nearly 30,000 people and harassed and harangued by the Neanderthals, the First Annual New York Erotic Film Festival closed.

With the media playing-up the Festival's "premature demise," I was tempted to search the sky for circling buzzards. Apparently the owners of the theaters we had used felt the same way, for when it came time for us to collect untold thousands of dollars still owed us, their corporate treasurers all seemed to be on extended vacations in Rangoon and points East. So, after about 178 phone calls and enough bullshit to make even Linda Lovelace gag, we acquired what is known on the street as a "bomber"—very simply, an attorney who is willing to force the defendant to sell his children into slavery in order to satisfy the plaintiff's (his client) claim. It took a number of weeks in court but we did in fact get much of the money owed the Festival. However, our "bomber" made sure the theaters made our checks out to him. So we got our taste...but he took his chunk first. Former presidential candidate, Al Smith once said, "a law degree is often the difference between a fee and a bribe." But, as Johnny Carson would say in his best innocent voice: "I didn't know that."

With part of the financial problem out of the way I was about ready to face the obscenity busts. Four counts at 1 year in jail and \$2500 fine per. With time off for "redeeming social value" and allowances for "contemporary community standards," balanced by a *nolo contendere* concerning appeal to "prurient interest," any way you looked at it, I had a problem. The prospect of 4 years and a 10G fine admittedly had me nervous, but I really didn't feel stymied. My intent in running the Festival in the first place was to present an artistic, meaningful, fun cultural event. The fact that I had attracted people like Gore

Vidal, Milos Forman, Andy Warhol, Betty Dodson et al. only added to my credence, I felt. So, armed with the belief that I and the Festival were of social and cultural import, I embarked upon a campaign to entice recognized, qualified members of New York's artistic and critical community to join my defense as expert witnesses in defense of the First Amendment freedoms. Not being one to set my sights low, I contacted *N.Y. Times* drama critic Clive Barnes, *New York Magazine* film critic Judith Crist, critic John Simon, author Norman Mailer, NBC critic Leonard Probst, the Reverend William Glenesk, and New York State Assemblyman Antonio Olivieri. Certainly, I felt, one or two of them will come to my trial. So I set up screenings in my office of the four films in question and the "experts" dutifully arrived to view five hours of "hot stuff" and sip some moderately priced wine.

Now, I would like to think that the four films had enough "redeeming social value" to justify these outstanding individuals joining my defense. Or maybe I just felt it was the season for a liberal stand against political repression in the guise of protecting the community. Or maybe I felt that my righteous and charming personality would win the day. Whatever the real reasons, not one, not three, but all of my would-be witnesses agreed to testify in behalf of the Festival.

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Opening night was complete with a swimming pool and toga-clad ladies reclining en masse, private rooms, a band, and an all-night policy. Dyyynnaamite!



ROBERTA FINDLAY

(Continued from page 35)

or descended—because the soft-core flicks at least have trained legitimate actors and also “have to look pretty”—into the now-more-commercial hard-core stuff.

During the making of her first hard-core film, Roberta concedes, she was as shocked as a DAR chairlady in Prairie Falls, Montana—“I’d never seen a hard-core film before”—and husband Michael seemed even more uncomfortable. “I had to keep looking because I was looking through the camera lens,” she recalls, “but he kept turning his head away.”

However, the squeamishness was soon replaced by professionalism. “You accept the fact that the soft-core actors are real actors, and the fuckers aren’t; The reason male actors have to come on camera,” Roberta continued with a slightly strained expression, is that “no matter how fancy the film, the first ‘genteel’ question any potential distributor is going to ask is ‘How many come shots in this picture?’”

Eventually the work became steady. Michael and Roberta shot a film in Belgium (*Erotikon*) and another, *The Slaughter*, in Argentina. *The Slaughter*, a somewhat more ambitious epic about Charles Manson and his merry soulmates, was aiming for an ‘R’ rating but overshot its mark, leaping further along the alphabet to a nasty ‘X’. It taught Roberta a great deal about raising money for these artistically dubious projects.

“There are people who want to get rid of capital. Doctors are good and dentists are very, very good. And there are also people who see glamour in being associated with a film,” she says, adding that for some reason the backers of *The Slaughter* were convinced it made good economic sense to have the film shot in Argentina. Not so, says Roberta, because unless you have a large budget for shooting on location (they didn’t) movies should be made where it’s most efficient to make them—which means *Nueva York*, not Argentina.

In addition to discovering that you don’t have to go to Argentina

to shoot a film about a peculiarly American monster, Roberta found that her partnership with Michael, both professional and marital, was hurting. A horror film, *The Shriek of the Mutilated*, was their last picture together. Michael, still very much in films, Roberta says, has developed a portable 3-D camera that could prove a very lucrative invention. She wishes him well with it.

On her own for the first time and working in a field where competition for work is fierce, she ignored the sexism and learned to be just as competitive as the rest of the guys. In rapid succession she produced, directed, photographed and edited four films, all for the same distributor, before doing *Angel Number 9*. Of this quintet, which includes *Rosebud*, *The Altar of Lust*, *Teenage Milkmaid* and *The Clamdigger’s Daughter*, the last is her favorite. “I shot it last March in Cape Ann, Massachusetts, and it had a grand opening in Gloucester and played for weeks and weeks. I think everyone in Cape Ann has seen it,” she adds, her smile widening.

However, lest all sex and no other work make Roberta a dull



girl, she became involved in a number of film projects, including a 16-mm. documentary for the City of New York. She was also the cinematographer for a film called *Checkmate*, the title of which was subsequently changed to *Blondes Come First*. Okay title,

Roberta agrees, but this *didn’t* happen to be a sex film. Still and all, it will probably make money with that title—most of these low budget jobs do show a nice profit—and we may have to brace ourselves for a sequel, *Brunettes Come Best*, and yet a third, *Redheads Come Fast*.

Away from the sexploitative scene, Roberta became the “cameraperson” for *The Waiting Room*, a film directed by Karen Sperling, granddaughter of Jack Warner, which made film history of a sort by employing an all-female crew. The idea, one assumes, was to give these 30 women more varied filmmaking experience, but the “great experiment,” Roberta says, produced less than great results. “‘Gee,’ I kept saying, ‘these three girls can’t lift a grip—we need a guy for that,’” she recalls, concluding that the experiment really “made no sense.” However, it’s the biggest budget film she’s worked on to date (\$500,000) and at least her bank account profited by the experience.

Inspired by financial need rather than any compelling desire to go legit, Roberta went to the local cinematographers union, hoping to join as a Category A Cameraman—that is, a Director of Photography—and get into the world of television advertising. Not at all naive, Roberta expected the self-protective atmosphere and the male chauvinism, but what she absolutely didn’t foresee was the size of the initiation fee—\$3,500. There was also no guarantee that membership in Local #644 would actually help her get work. No, she’d have to hustle up her own work and was warned by some kindly gents in the union that the folks who hire on behalf of television sponsors “tend to be very chauvinistic for one reason or another,” and it might be very rough for her to get work. Still, they agreed to proceed on a trial basis and Roberta shot two TV commercials for important sponsors. Then disaster struck.

Eight months earlier, Roberta had shot a little gem called *All in the Sex Family* in a certain city in nearby Suffolk County. The distributor of the film, ignoring the fact that local backgrounds were

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Erotic Films

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Maybe I shouldn't have been but I was impressed. This support, coupled with the backing of the Civil Liberties Union (not known in the past for its support of freedom of speech when it came to sex), plus some surprisingly fair treatment by the New York media, and I felt we were ready to kick some ass.

However, (that abominable word), the Festival's legal fees had reached the prohibitive stage, the Festival's backers were not looking to bankrupt the company, set any precedents, or get their names in the paper, and our attorneys were quite simply unwilling to undertake the trial without financial guarantees. So... after all the background work and with our incredible support, we were forced to give up the legal ghost. The District Attorney's office talked to the Public Morals Squad, who in turn talked to our attorneys, who then consulted with the District Attorney, who talked to the judge, who found our corporation guilty of one count of promoting obscenity and fined the Festival \$250.00. If you had trouble following that, so did I. All I remember is stumbling out of the courthouse muttering to a lawyer: "Let me bounce the check, man, let me bounce the check." Somehow I wanted to get back at them. However, my reward and moral reckoning was a very short time coming, for about a month later almost half the New York City Public Morals Squad was either under indictment or investigation for bribery and conspiracy. Gentlemen, I rest my case.

Now moral exoneration feels good in the loins, but since it doesn't pay the rent or put money in the bank for future Festivals, I soon put into action my original plan to distribute some of the

prize winning films from the Festival. I had always believed that many of the short films I showed were just as good as the features, some even better, so I proceeded to put together a package of films entitled *The Best of the New York Erotic Film Festival*. It was played at Yale, Brown, N.Y.U., Indiana, Iowa, California, Hawaii, right across the country—75 schools in 10 months. It began to make money and by the following fall we were ready to embark on the Second Annual New York Erotic Film Festival.

Considering myself by now somewhat wise in the intricacies of a film festival I set about planning tactics for the second coming. I resolved this time to stick with just one theater and a Festival of anywhere from 10 days to 2 weeks in December, 1972—depending on the number of entries we accepted. So again we began our ad campaign with full pages in *Variety*, *Village Voice*, *Filmmaker's Newsletter* and *Screw*. Blaring headlines announced our re-arrival. "THE NEW YORK EROTIC FILM FESTIVAL IS BACK." And, goddammit, we were.

Setting out to acquire a panel of judges at least as heavyweight as the first year's, I went after, and got: writers Terry Southern and William Burroughs; Happy Hooker, Xaviera Hollander; ABC-TV critic Kevin Sanders; transvestite superstar, Holly Woodlawn; *Screw* editor, Heidi Handman; and producer-writer, Erik Prelinger (son of you know who).

Obtaining the theater I wanted proved somewhat more difficult. The Rugoff and Walter Reade chains were still not ready for my brand of entertainment in their hallowed halls. Various downtown theaters were willing to house the Festival but were looking for guarantees like \$15,000 per week for a 500 seat theater; some of them even wanted the money in advance. Hardly what you'd call support for a major cultural event.

Finally, I decided on a fairly good midtown house, only to discover, the day before I was to sign the contract, that a clause in the building lease inserted by its former owner (now deceased) ruled out its ever being used to show X-rated films. Outta synch, I thought, people are even coming back from the grave to harass me. I finally did settle on a nice little house on East 12th St., The Cinema Village. Actually, it was one of the theaters I had used the first year—a good 250-seat house, under new management (no collection lawsuits this year), a reasonable weekly nut, and amenable to a four-wall deal with the understanding that I would get box office receipts *every night in cash*. I also wrangled the right to use a downstairs lounge area for a full-scale Erotic Art Show to run in conjunction with the Festival. I was beginning to feel smug.



Scene from *Lemming's Censorship*.

As the opening neared I started setting up another press party bash to kick off the Festival in its accustomed insane manner. I booked a really garish nude coed health club on West 57th Street. I had checked the place out earlier and it was perfect—a swimming pool with toga clad ladies reclining en masse, private rooms and saunas for those who want to get away from it all, plenty of room for a band (I'd booked a four-man rock combo called Eight Balls), a movie projector, and an all-night policy. Dyynnnnaamite!

However, (that word again), a week before the scheduled party

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When it came time to collect the monies still owed us, all our debtors seemed to be on extended vacations in Rangoon and points East.

Pioneers Of Porno

(Continued from page 68)

throws some other directions to a couple of other people, then he cooly gets back to me without missing a beat with all the intensity he had before. That guy is amazing. He was the only person in the film with whom I had a real orgasm. That's a man who knows his business."

Craig Baumgarten and Shawn Harris have extraordinarily similar backgrounds. Both come from upper-middle-class Jewish families, both had loving home lives and good educations. Shawn was a psychology major at the University of Texas and would go back to that if her acting career didn't work out. Her sister works with retarded children and maintains a very close relationship with Shawn. "I'd really like to learn to act," says Shawn. "I mean do it seriously. I'd love to do a play with Dustin Hoffman, or an actor of that calibre. I'd like to get a good teacher, but I'm in no hurry for anything."

Talking to Shawn Harris, one somehow doesn't get the feeling that she has just made a hard core porno. She doesn't have that kind of presentation. She says she values her privacy above all else and would rather stay home and read than go to any celebrity filled party. She couldn't care less about working with Robert Redford or Paul Newman and she prefers the company of her cat Cosmo. She spends most of her time in the Chelsea area where she lives, walking or enjoying the quiet atmosphere and she says that in the past year she has come to a great spiritual understanding that has allowed her "to take things as they come without desperation."

Craig Baumgarten, in contrast, loves all of the ballyhoo, the excitement, the lunches and dinners and most of the people. He even liked acting in his own movie and is unruffled when asked how his political friends are reacting to this. "It doesn't matter," says Craig. "At first I thought this would hurt me so I was going to use the name Craig Blair, but then after I appeared in the movie, it seemed pointless to

change my name, so there I am, Craig Baumgarten in living color for all the world to see. I think I'm probably through with politics for a while." It would seem so, although it might be nice to imagine some of your favorite politicians up there in some SAG-sanctioned porno such as *Those Watergate Women* or *The Tricky Dick*.

Craig Baumgarten is not interested in becoming a famous porno filmmaker in the tradition of Damiano (*The Devil In Miss Jones*). He just wants to make a good film. *Sometime Sweet Susan* is the story of a girl with a split personality. The bulk of the action takes place in a mental institution where she is being treated. Again, Harry Reems plays her doctor—one of the wonderful games of childhood for a few very privileged adults to play. "If I come across another good script," says Craig, "and it has hard core in it, I'll make it, but I am not a sensationalist. I have a script for a non-porno film in the works right now." Talking to Craig, it is evident that a completely different set of values operates here. He doesn't

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Erotic Films

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the place got busted for "soliciting for purposes of prostitution." All was not lost though, for within eight hours we had moved the entire press party to a rather seedy all male health club right up the block. We had our band, our screenings, an organic food spread and a goodly amount of footage was shot for the film, but somehow it just wasn't the same. *The Village Voice* called it the "Party That Couldn't Get It Up." *C'est la guerre*, and the show must go on.

The next day we opened at our theater and there were lines halfway down the block. I felt better already. As I was about to enter the theater I got a round of applause from some of the people waiting in line. I felt great. I entered the theater and proceeded to the lounge to check out the Erotic Art Show my staff had been assembling for a mere two weeks. Spectacular!! The walls were covered with paintings, drawings, etchings, carvings, photographs and line cuts of every sexual activity and position imaginable. I was ecstatic. We'd done it again. And we were packing them in.

The Second Festival went into a downtown theater that was doing about \$2200 per week in box office and, with minimal advertising and a show that changed every day, we were doing \$2200 per day. Again the show was comprised of one full-length feature and three to five shorts. Again the audience was comprised of what you'd hardly call "unsavory elements." And again we got busted.

If the first year's busts were a study in incompetence, the second year's bust was a study in hysteria. First a fire truck pulled up in front of the theater and firemen in full four-alarm regalia came charging into the theater looking for violations (I suppose) and scaring my paying customers half to death. No violations. Later that afternoon the Morals Squad goons returned and informed the manager they were locking him up. "Fine," he said and went. Later they returned and informed

the cashier that they were locking him up. Fine, he said and also went. People from my office were running the theater and learning as they went, till the "protectors" returned again and threatened to lock up my employees; it was "Where the hell is Gaul," till my attorneys arrived and in 30 legal words or less told these silly little, repressed-Catholic police officers to cut the shit. Which they did.

So the Second Festival ran its full 13 days. All in all it was a success. Now came the legal hassles. With the memories of last year's work preparing a defense, appearing in court, attending lawyer's meetings, massaging the media to keep them interested in my plight and, in general, wasting very valuable time, I vowed to get this little problem off my back quite quickly. I hired a New York attorney with no experience in the field of "pornography" or First Amendment freedoms and instructed him to stall as well as possible. In the meantime I was at work putting together a second package for the college market—*The Best of The New York Erotic Film Festival #2*—and combining

the two college packages into a full-length, 35mm theatrical film, starting me and the films, for Spring '73 release.

The legal stalling proved surprisingly easy. The Morals Squad turkeys had busted three films (which I won't name, as they're still in distribution) and instructed me to show up in court with prints of the films for a judge to decide whether there was "probable cause" for prosecution. Our defense: *You busted the films, you get the prints!* In truth, I was a bit on edge at this line of defense, but my defense attorney kept saying, "Don't worry, man, don't worry." I kept thinking of that old vaudeville routine where a guy ends up facing the electric chair for spitting in the subway, still exclaiming to his attorney: "Pay them the two dollars!" Well, the tactic *did* work and after about ten weeks and eight postponements, we again pleaded guilty for my corporation to a charge of disorderly conduct. The fine: \$250. Again I had a great urge to bounce the check, but this time I came up with a better strategy: I never even bothered to send it to them.

Am I glad to have created and run The New York Erotic Film Festival for two years? Unequivocally, yes! The lack of support from certain elements of the film business, the snickering dirty-little-boy response of a good part of the media, the self-serving attitude of some of the filmmakers themselves (generally the loudest complaints came from the least talented filmmakers) and the constant degrading hustle for working capital—it was all worth it. Like Harry Truman said: "If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen."

Of late I've been approached by interested parties about doing a Third New York Erotic Film Festival, and it's possible I will. The climate in this country exemplified by Nixon and his storm troopers and the Supreme Court decision (Miller vs. California) had stymied my interest for a time and of course injured the profit picture. However, keep your eyes on *Variety* for a full-page ad signal, because I still believe: **The Best Erotic Films Are Yet To Be Made.** □



KISS

(Continued from page 51)

sex scenes. It also had to do with their exploration of more complex psychological attitudes toward sex. Being a transitional period, the '50s used themes and styles of earlier periods—the virgins of the '30s, the blond playgirls of the '20s, the independent women of the '40s—and blended them all together. Doris Day, for instance, was a determined virgin, to be sure, but at the same time a sexy female, waiting for the perfect man to come along and let her be her spunky self—in the cozy nest of his arms, of course.

No matter how much we may ridicule Doris Day now for playing the "hold - me - tighter - oh - how - could - you" signals to men in sequel after sequel to *Teacher's Pet* (1958), until at forty-three her "purer-than-thou" image began to wrinkle, she was nevertheless depicting a very real female problem of the 1950s: how a "nice girl" integrates sexual desire with the absolute social necessity of a husband. With every recoil from every passionate kiss, Doris expressed the anguish felt by American women through the '50s, over the fear of male disrespect, abandonment, and the ultimate evil, spinsterhood.

The '50s were full of similar kisses. When Judy Garland ran away from Gene Kelly's embrace in *Summer Stock* (1951), she was expressing the same instinct for purity as a defense.

A Kiss Before Dying (1956) reflects a more exaggerated reaction to social disgrace: Robert Wagner kisses a pregnant Joanne Woodward just before pushing her off a rooftop, in order to keep the world from knowing about their too-fruitful premarital affair. And even Pat Boone's puritanical off-screen refusal to kiss Shirley Jones in *April Love* (1957) was a testament to another real American obsession with absolute marital fidelity.

Marilyn Monroe's kisses are by far the best proof of how complex and realistic sexuality in the films of the '50s had become. With Monroe, the kiss was no longer a symbol of something else (copu-

lation or romantic attachment), but a sensual experience in itself, an authentic physical act. Here the real Monroe corroborates the image. As the story goes, when Marilyn and Don Murray kissed in one scene in *Bus Stop* (1956), a filament of saliva stretched between their parting lips. The scene was cut, though Monroe protested vigorously to keep in that rare, realistic, unadulterated kiss.

The Monroe kiss was also a blend of sensuality and kindness, a new notion to a Hollywood dedicated to the proposition that the kiss is either sexless or a prelude to bed. In *The 7-Year Itch* Monroe meets a browbeaten man whose wife no longer appreciates him. As she gives him a goodbye kiss, she suggests he leave the lipstick on his face to remind his wife of his appeal to other women: "If your wife thinks it's cranberry juice, tell her she's got cherry pits in her head." In a part most actresses would have played either as a redeeming sex-goddess or an innocent child-lover, Monroe combined sex and sweetness, avoiding either extreme, and making the part more than a cliché.



Although the movies of the '50s showed more lip liberation, more exposed breasts and more naked thighs, and although they often scoffed at the puritanical Production Code (when Cary Grant and Grace Kelly kiss in *To Catch a Thief* in 1955 the sky explodes with increasingly intense fireworks, satirizing the familiar filmic substitutes for orgasm), the '50s also document the beginning of the end for the heterosexual smooch. Fewer actresses were making fewer movies, Hollywood began to emphasize masculine

adventure rather than romance, and women either disappeared from the double-male movie or became animated sexual scenery to decorate the beds of macho males.

By the early '60s, explicit seduction scenes had almost made the Lip-To-Lip Kiss passe. Whether it was Mrs. Robinson's shapely leg tempting Dustin Hoffman in *The Graduate* (1967), or Candice Bergen masturbating Art Garfunkel in *Carnal Knowledge* (1971), the films of '60s and early '70s made the actual kiss less important than other forms of sexual maneuvering. This was especially true after the replacement of the Production Code with a rating system in the late '60s, which allowed for films to be classified according to audience, instead of simply censored. Instead of being a prelude to love, the kiss became a consequence, an event that takes place in bed after, not before, the couple make love.

In fact, it's almost impossible to think of any kisses in recent movies without thinking of copulation-scenes first and working back to the kisses involved. In *The Heartbreak Kid* (1972), for instance, the kiss in the cabin is merely an excuse for a naked body-to-body embrace. In *Don't Look Now* (1974), Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland have a passionate love scene, but what sticks in the mind is the lyrical movement of their bodies, not any actual kiss. And in *Shampoo* (1975), Julie Christie kisses again (this time with Warren Beatty), but again the camera concentrates on the writhing of bodies in a blanket of steam, rather than on the meeting of lips.

In short, the movie kiss is essentially finished, drowned out by more spectacular sexual pyrotechnics. Meanwhile, for those kiss enthusiasts who love the old, metaphorical system in which everything stands for something else (holding hands equals petting, dancing equals heavy petting, and kissing equals making love), who believe with Lauren Bacall that "sex is mostly in the face," or with D.W. Griffith that "there is no suspense like the suspense of a delayed coition," the only answer is the past, and all its great movies in which a kiss is not "just a kiss." □

Romy Schneider

(Continued from page 82)

foreign crowd that had moved in on Mexico City." True to her style, she had sent a note to Bunuel, but the Spanish director remained incommunicado. But she finally did get to meet him, thanks to a happy coincidence. "One day I met the writer Carlos Fuentes, and more or less by chance he introduced me to Bunuel, and finally I got him and Losey to lunch together at the Bar of the Opera in Mexico... what a place that is!"

More recently, she has just finished making a film with Claude Chabrol called *Les Innocents aux Mains Sales* and is about to start a film with Robert Enrico, *Le Vieux Fusil*. After that is completed, she will make her second film with Pierre Granier-Deferre, *La Femme a sa Fenetre* which is based on a story by Drieu la Rochelle. "We're going to make the Granier-Deferre picture in Greece," she says, adding, "I'm happy we can go and make films there now." She considers her first film with Granier-Deferre to be one of her most challenging. Titled *Le Train*, she played a Jewish refugee who meets Jean-Louis Trintignant on a refugee train crossing France during the German occupation. Although all the wise men now claim that they always knew she was a great actress, it was Granier-Deferre who started making the first superficial scratches on the beautiful surface.

But the one person Romy is closest to is the person who has helped her career the most. It is her meeting with Sautet, and the subsequent films she made with him, *Les Choses de la Vie* and *Max et les Ferrailleurs*, that is generally considered to be the turning point in her career.

These wise men must feel very pleased with themselves as they look at her most recent film, *L'Importance c'est d'aimer* which was directed by Andrej Zulawski. The film is based on a book by Christopher Frank called *La Nuit Americaine*. The term from which the book's title was taken is the technical term for filming night

scenes during the day. One French critic has pointed out that whereas Truffaut's *Day for Night* is a "pleasant, moving version of this 'American night' based on the tender complicity which unites actors to their director... Zulawski's version is terrifying... a night of thunder and lightning... the night of Macbeth or King Lear..."

Romy Schneider portrays a failing actress in the film, supporting her loving but impotent husband by making pornographic movies. The husband is brilliantly played by Jacques Dutronc, and the Italian Fabio Testi is the handsome photographer who falls in love with Romy. Although the love is never fulfilled, it drives the husband to suicide, but not before the photographer has secretly backed a stage production of *Richard III* to give Romy a chance to get back on her feet. This scene gives the audience a chance to see Klaus Kinski as the equally failing actor who plays Richard III. The scenes between Ms. Schneider and Kinski are

was hell; the producers made our lives impossible," she says. (Zulawski himself corroborates her opinion, and in fact, is even harsher in his judgement.) Romy continued: "For example, a long scene from *Richard III* (Romy played Lady Anne in the scene) was cut out just as we were about to start shooting and dozens of extras were ready. Another scene with Roger Blin was cut—again, just as we were ready to film. My God, I'd worked for days learning those lines..." As she speaks of the difficulties in making the film, her eyes start flashing and a spark of the legendary temper can be seen under the surface. She asks, "Can you understand why an actor like Kinski isn't a great name?"

After exchanging some more harsh invective about the vagaries of international productions, she made it very clear that she has no doubts about her value on the French film scene. "It was because of me that Zulawski could get the deal together," she says, "I had a contract with Albina de



Romy and Fabio Testi as reporter-photographer Servais in *L'Importance*.

examples of remarkably fine acting—the moments that Romy found the most enjoyable. The only disappointment in the film is that there are not enough of these scenes.

"Doing the Zulawski picture

Boisvovray, and I hadn't yet done the Patrice Chereau film, *La Chair de l'Orchide*, which was finally produced by Vincent Malle. Albina had the rights to the Christopher Frank book, and

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Dino DeLaurentiis

By Alan Greenberg

NEW YORK CITY—Kenneth K. Markman is the Director of Publicity for Dino DeLaurentiis, the Manhattan-based emperor of international filmdom. Two years back, the handsome young dynamo was just another twenty-five year old paying his dues on Mad Avenue, working for the Diener, Hauser, & Greenthal ad agency while dreaming and leaning toward Hollywood. Prior to that he'd busted his bachelor-of-arts ass as a Gotham truck driver while dreaming and leaning toward Mad Avenue. Ken knows his route by heart then. He knows it even better now. Last week I paid him a visit at Mr. DeLaurentiis' Imperial Headquarters on the fifteenth floor of an exclamation point known as the Gulf + Western Building, and he was more than happy to reflect upon the topic he relishes most: Dino DeLaurentiis.

I asked him to recount his first meeting with the colorful film mogul, who is known to his fiercely reverent staffers as "The Doctor."

"I first met Mr. DeLaurentiis when someone introduced me upstairs in the offices of Paramount Pictures. I'll never forget that moment. Mr. DeLaurentiis looked everywhere about me—through me, around me, in and out of me, unlike anyone who'd ever looked at me before. The first thing he said to me was, 'I want to see you tomorrow morning. Eight-thirty.' The next day we got right down to business. He asked me how old I was, how much money I wanted to make, and when I wished to start. After getting his answers he asked, 'Do we do



DeLaurentiis' success formula: make a film that tells a believable story.

business or not?' I offered my obvious reply and that was it.

"In this office Mr. DeLaurentiis is a businessman, nothing but a businessman. But he has this fantastic, innate sense, unlike anyone I've ever come into contact with, of allowing himself to be completely professional while totally perceiving the motives of those working for and about him. He seems to respond to people on an instinctive level, and he understands them better because of that gift. I think that's why he's been able to make such popular movies, movies that appeal to mass audiences."

Several weeks before talking with Ken Markman, I'd been in the very same office on the very same day that Signor DeLaurentiis was holding court for an old paisano named Federico Fellini. In the late nineteen-fifties back in Italy, Fellini and DeLaurentiis teamed up for two of the screen's most precious pearls, the unfor-

gettable *La Strada* and *Nights of Cabiria*. Each picture earned an Academy Award for Best Foreign Language Film. Now the master Fellini was stalking a few lira—eight million very American dollars, to be exact—for his next canvas, *Casanova*. But here he was up against much more than his muse: for all his fine qualities, The Doctor's no angel, and Fellini left DeLaurentiis' chamber with nothing but some good espresso and a fond farewell. I presented Mr. Markman with the inevitable "Why?"

"First of all, it was a simple case of Fellini's insistence upon shooting the film in Italian, against Dino's qualification that it be made for a wider audience, in English. A matter of timing. In the sixties, and even earlier, with the neo-realist era—of which Dino was a leader, by the way—the Italian film was most popular on the international film market. But the American film is now in the midst of a renaissance, a second coming of sorts, and the DeLaurentiis organization is absolutely involved in that. Mr. DeLaurentiis has come to America to make American films, films that will be as acceptable world-wide as the American classics of the thirties and forties. Dino loves Fellini and wishes him well, but he just doesn't coincide with Dino's vision at the moment."

"Which is . . ."

"What Dino seeks above all is to entertain people. That's what he's doing now, that's what he does best. In the context of his time, he is making films for people to believe in, for people who are truly dying for entertainment. The world-wide success of *Death Wish* for example, is due largely

to the fact that it tells a story that didn't necessarily happen, yet is entirely *believable*. A catharsis takes place and the audience leaves in such a state that they are able to think more clearly. Charles Bronson shoots his assailants and the crowd cheers because, in the minds of the viewers, they *themselves* are shooting the gun.

"Dino's vision is to make films. And to make films that tell a story, a good story. He wants stories that are believable, as believable as possible, ones that almost come off as true. In times such as these it's important for people to believe in things—they need to believe in *something*, and if they believe even in escapism, it's something."

I thanked the gracious and very professional Kenneth Markman, then prepared to head for other parts. Retrieving the tape recorder microphone, I noticed a picture of Robert Redford chatting with ex-CIA chieftain Richard Helms—who now operates out of Iran—on location of Mr. DeLaurentiis' *Three Days of the Condor*. Markman then offered a final reflection.

"In this business, in the motion picture industry, you find an industry that is not isolated by language or ethnic barriers. It is strictly an international medium. You can put a Chinese man holding a camera, a German lighting the set and a Frenchman on sound, with an African director and English stars, and still come up with an American movie. That's what Dino DeLaurentiis wants to do—by making an American movie he is making a movie for the world."

Rospo Pallenberg operates out of a small office adjacent to Ken Markman's, and above his desk is

a splendid photograph of the Tower of Babel. He loves the picture so that he insisted I mention it in this piece, but I surely would have done so anyway. Looking out of his fifteenth story window over the mongrel Manhattan sprawl below, the irony at hand seemed to me as subtle as a marathon Hollywood biblical epic. Then it occurred to me that the Tower of Babel photo is from a marathon Hollywood biblical epic—in fact, from *The Bible* itself, once just a book, then a motion picture by Dino DeLaurentiis, now and forever a TV treat for the entire family.

Rospo wears no belt and pulls no punches as he spirits about the DeLaurentiis compound with a soft-shoe swagger and an easy little smile. For two years he has read and assessed the innumerable screenplays submitted for possible production—a fascinating but incredibly demanding job. Scripts arrive in all forms, on every level of style, quality, development. The original submission for *Serpico*, for instance, was a recitation via telephone from author Peter Maas to Mr. DeLaurentiis of the first twenty-two pages of the then-unwritten book. The perceptive producer knows one when he sees one and accepted *Serpico* immediately. If a screenwriter produces a top-notch script, then proceeds through the inevitable rewrites and revisions, he stands to pull in anywhere from seventy-five to two hundred-fifty thousand dollars for his labor. (Peter Maas has made a bundle. Having scored again with Dino on an upcoming piece called *King of the Gypsies*, to be handled by Peter Bogdanovich, Maas stands at the peak of a gilded heap of

Hollywood scribes.)

With the plethora of paper dreams and tragic destinies that grace his desk and floor from week to week (rumor has it that a marvelous magic carpet looms hidden beneath the wall-to-wall scripts in the office of Rospo Pallenberg) I asked Rospo just what the life of an average screen property is like.

"First of all, it's hard to say what the ratio is, in fact, for scripts purchased against scripts realized, as some literally have no life at all. Some go into development; some go into *major* development; some are perpetually on hold; some have a brief existence of hours, or days. Very much like the life of an insect, you know.

"You have good stories that are impossible to cast, stories that are castable but are no good and no director's interested, or the cases where an option expires and boredom—'who gives a shit'—sets in. Irrationality has a lot to do with the life of a screen property."

In 1973, Rospo was out on the West Coast working for Arthur Jacob as a screenwriter. His project at the time was an adaptation of the science-fiction classic *Dune*, written by Frank Herbert, a venture that fell apart after the death of Mr. Jacob. As luck and corny old scripts would have it, big-time movie king Dino DeLaurentiis happened to be out in Los Angeles at that time overseeing his production of *The Stone Killer*, starring Charles Bronson. An admittedly "starving" Pallenberg was introduced to Mr. DeLaurentiis, and before long his waist was full and his belt loops free once more. Dino brought Rospo back to New York



DeLaurentiis and *Death Wish*'s star Charles Bronson whose vigilante hero fulfilled city audiences' fantasies.

with him, giving him a job "fifty per cent of which deals with screening the scripts that come in to us, with the other fifty per cent involving reaching out and grabbing before other people get to a property first."

What does Dino have him reach out and grab first?

"Dino likes hard drama—subtlety and psychology—sometimes something epic. He's done a lot of comedy in the past, but comedy is difficult—everything's got to be right. Whereas with drama you can have a lot of errors and over-simplification. With drama you can get away with a lot. Not with comedy. People either laugh or they don't."

(Ralph Serpe, executive producer for the DeLaurentiis Corporation of their upcoming *Mandingo*, walks into the office with Rospo's secretary, whom he

playfully pretends to attack a la *Death Wish*. Rospo flies to her rescue. "Dino will castrate you!" he warns threateningly, "Dino will castrate you!")

I ask Rospo about the inevitable conflicts in taste and choice between himself and Mr. DeLaurentiis—particularly those times, if any, when Dino let a good one go.

"Dino hasn't made many mistakes. We disagree occasionally over a certain property, where I'm all for it but his enthusiasm is only eighty-ninety per cent, but usually he's right. Once in a while he'll let something go that makes a bundle elsewhere and he has to bite his lip. Of course. It's all just a floating crap game, you know. Everybody has to psych everybody else out.

"What properties would I like to see realized? I'm not going to say. They're too valuable. They're

the type that would just *explode* on the market. Absolutely *devastating*. A lot of people are biased against these, even people here, for some reason, and these monsters are just floating around ... for the time being ..."

Rospo Pallenberg is one of Dino DeLaurentiis' hand-picked crew of supremely loyal, supremely efficient field marshals. While Dino will entertain periodicals like *New York* magazine with such quotes as "Movies are made by just one man," in actuality a sense of unified action, of team effort and direction pervades every aspect of the DeLaurentiis operations. One of my favorite Dinoisms is much closer to the core of the Dino DeLaurentiis creed: "As for the people who work with me," he said back in 1966, "without good sergeants, no army is worth a plate of macaroni." □

Romy Schneider

(Continued from page 90)

when I met Zulawski and talked to him, I knew that I wanted to do his film." Romy insists that she must be able to communicate with her directors. "I want to discuss everything with them. For example, I knew I could never work with Chereau, but I'd like to do another picture with Zulawski, however difficult. One has to be completely involved in the part, and with him it's essential, as it is with Visconti." She laughs and adds, "Anyway, when you meet a director who claims, 'Of the young directors working now, one of the greatest is myself,' you either accept him or you don't!" Zulawski's ego aside, his film has certainly given a touch of quality to the current French cinema, a quality that seems to be lacking nowadays.

The gently intimate, introspective French directors do not give much scope to an actress who matches Romy's ability and ambitions. It is a good indication of the current state of French film that, of the list of directors Romy would like to work with, Roman Polanski is her first choice. "He's another one I missed. Someone called me for *Cul de Sac* and then *Repulsion*, claiming that he was Polanski. Apparently he was, but at that time, everything was going so wrong I couldn't believe it could really be him." Also on her list are the Polish director Wajda, for whom Andrej Zulawski once worked, followed by Stanley Kubrick and Bernardo Bertolucci—not a Frenchman to be seen. Orson Welles is another director Romy admires. One of her most fascinating experiences was filming *The Trial*, which Welles directed, in the gaunt, but magnificent Orsay railroad station (where Jean-Louis Barrault has now built his theatre) in Paris.

Romy Schneider has achieved the nearly impossible—the transition from teenage idol to grown-up actress while retaining the star quality. Indelibly marked by the "Sissi" episode, which has left her with the almost compulsive desire to be taken seriously, the Zulawski film confirms her as an actress to be reckoned with. □

Warhol

(Continued from page 15)

spired to some work of his own, the assistant then rummages through the entrails of the children's nannie, leaving her corpse cunningly poised over an open grating that allows her various organs to drape bloodily towards a camera below. (No one knows how many Italian cows died to make this film the butcher's showcase it is.)



Meanwhile, upstairs, Monique and Joe are having at one another in a surprisingly heterosexual interlude. (It is a pleasant task to announce that Joe Dallesandro's rear end is clearing up nicely; the acne that marred the otherwise sterling performance his rump gave in *Trash* is not nearly so obvious in *Frankenstein*. By the time we meet his much photographed cheeks in *Dracula*, the churning orbs are quite de-spotted. Hip baths in Clearasil, perhaps?) But she grows bored;

Dallesandro is, as she points out, a "low lifer."

In the lab, things aren't going so well either. The male zombie can't get it up. The mating that will create a new race is a flop. Enter Monique. She will have a crack at turning the zombie on. Instead, she gets a broken back from the zombie's overenthusiastic embraces.

The film climaxes in a festival of innards, Baron Frankenstein with his liver cantilevered from his body on a spike, waving

ominously over a stack of corpses that includes Monique, Otto the assistant, and the two zombies, while above them hangs Dallesandro from a hook. And though Dallesandro is alive as the credits signal the end of the film, he's not long for this world; the children of the Baron and Baroness are cranking him towards a massive vat of formaldehyde. Presumably, they will take up where their parents/aunt/uncle left off.

Dracula features Keir, again, as
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ROBERTA FINDLAY

(Continued from page 85)

used, booked it into a theater in that city and the good citizens, seeing their homes and city defiled without their consent, much less their foreknowledge, asked the local gendarmes to take action.

Now Suffolk County is Long Island, and Manhattan, where Roberta lives, is New York County, but somehow the Suffolk police got the Manhattan police to waive jurisdiction and Roberta and 17 other people were arrested and booked on charges of obscenity. By the time you read this, the case will have come to trial. But guilty or not, she was pre-judged by Local #644, which asked her to take her camera elsewhere. "So that's how I was thrown out of the union I was never in," she says with a display of humor. I'm not positive the laughter isn't designed to mask some deeply felt worry or sadness at the quirk of fate which aborted what may have been a promising television career, but I suspect that she never held out unrealistic hopes for that career.

"Someday I hope to make films that make money—not sex films, but maybe films about sex—and work with a legitimate crew and all the equipment that's necessary," Roberta says, when asked about the future, but right now she's busier than Francis Ford Coppola, making a living the only way she knows. In recent months, she shot a film, *Every Inch A Lady*, which starred the most famous penis in pornodom, that much-viewed appendage of Harry Reems, and has just directed a film ("Warner Brothers will kill me") which she describes as sort of a satire of old Bette Davis films like *Now, Voyager*. Another project is *Young and Innocent*, a period film she would like to produce and direct in England, with a story loosely based on *Elsie Venner*, a novel written by no less than Oliver Wendell Holmes, who is not known as a novelist. "It takes place in a girls' school around the turn of the century," explains Roberta, "and it's about repressed people." She has already written the script—"it's full of flowery language"—

but thinks it actually will be prohibitive to shoot the film in England. Then why England in the first place, apart from the fact that it's a nice place to visit? "Better actresses," she replies.

Her next film will probably be *Reign of Terror*, another soft-'X' period picture about the Spanish Inquisition. Roberta's budget for this film is far too low to provide for costumes and sets with an authentic look, but is our girl fazed by this shortage of funds? No, she displays the surplus of ingenuity and imagination required in this field to turn a neat profit on a tiny budget.

"We need three sets built," Roberta says, but as for the remaining sets and backgrounds, well, she's just going to wing it. "I know a guy who has a Spanish Gothic apartment in the Gramercy Park area—he's let us use it before," she begins, "and we can shoot some of the film there. For the dungeon scenes, I'll need stone walls and some torture devices, and for the judges' examination room, I may use The Cloisters [a Renaissance palace brought over by a rich American and rebuilt on a bluff high over the Hudson]. There's also a foot-

psychological remove from the unpleasant aspects of her work. "I assume everyone wants to get out," she says with the kind of instinctive calm that has kept her "very straight" despite all her exposure to public sex.

"When I was casting for *Angel Number 9*," she says, a grin building, "a couple came by—he was black and she was white—and told me that their specialty was 'doing sandwiches.' I was confused and asked if they cooked or made sandwiches for the rest of the cast. They kind of ignored this, saying that they got \$100 extra for 'doing sandwiches.' Well, I was still confused so I asked them to explain. They did. A 'sandwich' is two guys doing a girl from the front and rear. Curious about the inter-racial aspects of their act, I asked if the other guy would be black as well. "They said he would, and I said, 'Gee, it's just like an Oreo cookie!'"

At this point I turned the conversation back to the silly convention of coming-on-camera so that the audience will believe that all is for real.

"That's my fault—I could just as well have left them out," she

During the making of her first hard-core film, Roberta concedes she was as shocked as a DAR chairlady from Prairie Falls, Montana. "I'd never seen a hard-core film before."

bridge in Central Park I can use for some outdoor scenes, and so I just need a couple of Spanish Gothic bedrooms."

Then, by way of afterthought: "Yeah, and there's a church I may want to use—we shot a rape scene there for another film—I may want to use the altar there." When this presumably shockproof 'n sophisticated reporter expressed wonder at this piece of anticlerical bravado, Roberta reassured me, "Oh, we didn't actually show any rape going on, and anyhow, it's the scene that gets cut in most states."

What I had finally begun to perceive about Roberta Findlay is that her sense of humor, pragmatic head, and a special capacity for whimsy, equip her with a

responded after a moment's thought. "It's all so silly waiting and waiting for this white go to come out... I should have broken the tradition."

Just the same, it's a tradition that's going to make a lot more money for Roberta Findlay. And her film may make a small contribution to the battle against censorship; the French distributor of *Angel Number 9* hopes it will make obsolete the French censorship system in much the same fashion that *I Am Curious, Yellow* helped dissolve the Swedish censorship board. But I'm still betting that there'll be a day when she goes to a distributor, and he'll say, as usual, "How many come shots in your film?"

And she'll say, "None." □

Warhol

(Continued from page 94)

the blood-thirsty Transylvanian Count, and the neo-Lorre as his manservant. They are forced to leave Transylvania because the Count, who can only survive on the blood of virgins, has, unfortunately used up all of the local talent; they set off for Italy where, the manservant understands, there are throngs of virgins—pronounced “weergins” by our hero—due to the conservation efforts of the Church. Unfortunately for the digestive tract of the noble hemophile he chooses for his menu the four nubile daughters of an impoverished noble couple (played with an impenetrable accent by the late Vittorio de Sica and with elegant aplomb by New York socialite and clothing designer Maxime de la Falaise McKendry) who want to marry off one of their brood to the wealthy Count.

What the viewer of this film is in for is perhaps the most detailed examination of the process of reverse peristalsis in cinema history. He nibbles the neck of the second oldest daughter, not knowing she's been making it with Dallesandro. Result: about five minutes of anguished, scarlet vomiting into an otherwise elegant bathtub. He tries the next

youngest; she's been making it with both Dallesandro and the sister he's already sampled. More regurgitation, this time into a bidet, no doubt to give you a sense of the European style. By this time, even the most hardened viewer is likely to feel like emulating the Count's example, substituting a recent meal for the goblets of blood that pour from Kier's mouth.

The count, starving to death for lack of “weergin's blood,” now sends the two “hoors” to fetch their younger sister; their morals don't preclude their falling under the vampire's power. But Dallesandro is hip to the Count. In order to “save” the young girl, he delivers an instant, slam-bam, thank you ma'am, de-virgination to her against the wall of one of the grand salons of the decaying



Scenes from Andy Warhol's *Dracula*.



palace. And in a moment consistent with the level of taste throughout *Dracula*, the Count licks the blood off the floor beneath the scene of the coupling. Enervated by this appetizer, Dracula then takes a bite into the jugular vein of the eldest sister, also a virgin.

Now, appearance to the contrary, Dallesandro is no fool. He knows that if he doesn't do away with the Count, three of the girls will remain under his power, and one, the eldest, will be a vampire herself. Out comes the battle ax and the chase is on. Unfortunately for the viewer, however, the count is not a very willing corpse. Off comes one arm, whack! Another, whack! And Count Dracula begins to resemble a lawn sprinkler unaccountably hooked up to an artery. Off comes a leg, the other leg. At this point, the blood is flowing like Arab oil, and the Count is still not dead. Yelling a lot, however, Joe, never a very quick lad, finally remembers the old stake routine. (He may have seen a Hammer film or two.) Through the heart for more gouts of blood. And, as if that weren't enough, bring on the eldest daughter who flops herself on Dracula's finally expired body with just enough force to drive the other end of the stake through her heart.

Some critics have called these Warhol pieces allegories, finding somewhere an indictment of the violent, alienated society in which we live. This may, of course, be true. But, if it is, Charles Manson should probably be given a Guggenheim grant to produce happenings, Arthur Bremer a commission to design human beings fit for vehicular travel, and a monument should be erected to Harry Truman at Hiroshima for the invention of the cook-out. There is nothing cathartic in the Warhol/Morrissey violence; it is the celebration of a lack of love—Joe Dallesandro is put down in both films presumably because he seems to enjoy sex with a woman who is not his sister—and a love of death and pain that makes the earlier milestones of movie violence look like exercises in humanity.

Bring back the trash, Andy; at least you allowed your freaks a shot at some kind of love. □

(Continued from page 4)

and Federico Fellini. The correct answer was John Guillermin.

The same film had a large cast, but only two cast members need mention: Paul Newman and Steve McQueen. However, if you are addressing your review to nostalgia buffs, it is all right to include Fred Astaire and Jennifer Jones. By the way, it is best not to attack such oldsters; always treat them favorably, no matter how creaky their performance or appearance.

As a rule of thumb, films made by the following directors should be reviewed with respect:

Ingmar Bergman
Federico Fellini
Francois Truffaut
Michelangelo Antonioni
Jean Luc Godard
Alain Resnais
Akira Kurasawa
Bernardo Bertolucci
Alfred Hitchcock
Satyajit Ray

Whether you happen to like their films or not, make sure to freely employ terms such as "masterpiece," "artistic triumph" and the like.

The above rule of thumb can, on occasion, be broken, though it is best to wait until all favorable reviews have appeared in print. Then, go to your typewriter and bang out a blistering, hate-filled counter-attack. Lay it on with a trowel. Attack Bergman for his male chauvinism, Fellini for his disgusting vulgarity, Jean Luc Godard for his communist tendencies, and Antonioni for being a bore. Send your attack to the *New York Times*. The Sunday editor, if your manuscript happens to arrive first, will probably print the attack prominently in the Sunday Arts section. Should someone else get there first, send your attack to the *Los Angeles Times*, The Chicago Tribune, and the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, in that order, or, failing those, magazines such as *Film Comment*.

Remember, the important thing is to create attention for yourself. The movie is your medium and the goal is to attain fame and fortune. Do not think of yourself as a

judge. That way leads to critical oblivion.

NOTE: A student asked why only foreign-born directors appeared on the list of those to be treated favorably.

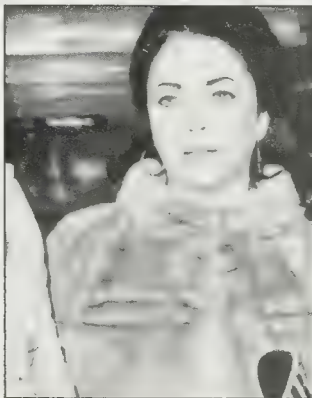
Research studies show that nine successful critics out of ten prefer foreign films, and therefore it is, on the whole, good policy to regard Hollywood films with suspicion, particularly if they are popular and entertaining. Clever

The obvious fact about the above films is that they achieved large box-office grosses and were also well publicized. Why then, are *The Godfather* and *Godfather II* not on the list, popular as they are? This is because certain American directors are safe to praise, Francis Ford Coppola being one. Others are:

Roger Corman
Don Siegel
Sam Peckinpah



Coppola (top) is back on the critics' "love list." Liz Taylor (left) is not.



Terence Malick
Martin Scorsese
George Lucas
Joseph Losey
Elaine May
Woody Allen
Mel Brooks

The wise critic, on the other hand, would avoid giving praise to the following:

David Lean
George Roy Hill
William Friedkin
John Frankenheimer
Norman Jewison
Robert Wise
Mike Nichols

Why, I can hear you asking, should we regard negatively such eminently successful directors? I can answer this by saying that you must take account of the snobbishness prevalent in the field of movie criticism. A director who achieves an important commercial success is likely to have an enlarged ego, and therefore becomes a threat to the ego of the critic. Such a director must be put in his proper place. He must be made to feel subservient to the critic. His feelings must be hurt. There is something else involved.

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critics made sure to despise the following films:

The Sting
Airport
Airport 75
Earthquake
The Towering Inferno
Billy Jack
Death Wish
Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid
Doctor Zhivago
Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice
The Sound Of Music
The Great Gatsby
Love Story
The Exorcist

(Continued from page 97)

Once a director achieves a couple of smash successes he becomes so rich that he automatically enters the *establishment*. Good critics never support the establishment; they are not mere critics of the movies, they are critics of the social order. And if they like what everyone else likes, what reason, for them to be critics? You cannot allow any ordinary moviegoer to assume that he, too, can be a film critic. You must demonstrate your superiority to that fellow, imply that your sensitivity and discernment are of a higher order, that your standards are well above his and that if he likes a picture that is popular he is a fool and a dope.

The lists I have given you should be revised according to new developments. Bogdanovich, for instance, has been achieving considerable commercial success. He may have to go on the "hate" list, if he keeps it up. If Friedkin should have a couple of failures we might consider raising him to the "love" list. But he must first earn your sympathies. Luckily for Francis Ford Coppola, he made a commercial flop, *The Conversation*, before *The Godfather II*, and he was smart enough to announce he would not make *Part III*. Should Mel Brooks follow *Blazing Saddles* and *Young Frankenstein* with a third hit, he will be ripe for attack.

Further hints: praise Barbra Streisand for her beauty, and attack Elizabeth Taylor for running to fat. If you can get a job as a television reviewer, cultivate a funny mustache, wear very large glasses, and crack jokes about movies—this is because TV viewers want to feel they are better off staying home watching re-runs than paying money to see a movie in a theater.

Avoid this temptation. Producers are a dime a dozen, hundreds of screenwriters are out of work, and a director is only as good as his last picture. A film critic, though, once established, has a career for keeps. What better way of life than to watch movies for free and then say anything you damn please about them? □

Pioneers Of Porno

(Continued from page 87)

for one minute believe that he has made a fuck film. He just wouldn't think of it that way. Neither would Shawn Harris. They are doing their bit for the advancement and expansion of cinematic acceptability. "Who knows," says Craig, "If I've started a wave of pornos all going legitimate, they won't be able to be called underground films anymore."

For the most part, the sex in *Susan* was part of the story line, not the other way around as in most hard core. Also, the attitude with which the sexual scenes were handled was different. They weren't ungainly and they flowed with the story. Craig talks about sex like he might talk about a meaty novel. It's just part of everything else.



Craig Baumgarten with Shawn Harris.

Craig is off in his own air bubble to have dinner with the author of *Lenny*. A photographer is snapping very un-porno shots of Shawn Harris and asks her if she enjoyed doing her sexual scenes in the movie. "Not particularly," she answers.

And so they've done it. Gotten the big seal of approval from Big Daddy. And now that hard core is cutting its own umbilical cord, what comes next? Maybe it will be like what happened when the talkies came in and suddenly those who couldn't speak were out. Will the new sets of auditions include not only what you can do, but who you're doing it with and how it looks? If so, Craig Baumgarten and Shawn Harris are already in the water forerunning their predecessors and Harry Reems just might be a big, big star. □

Susan Blakely

(Continued from page 26)

anger from my childhood. That helped me with *Report*. That girl I play had anger, I feel. She wanted to be boss. From being in therapy I'm connected to that."

From Bioenergetics she learned about the big box for purposes of retreat, solitude, and letting go. She had one built, almost as big as an entire room, padded inside, and sound-proofed, and with a fan bringing in outside air through a small inlet. "I go in there," she said, "and meditate, or if I really want to, let go. When I find myself running around and going nuts, with too much energy inside of me and feeling frustration, I go in there, and it's utterly quiet, and maybe I'll cry or talk or yell. I guess I react too much to the pain and sadness in other people. I remember while I was researching my role for *Report*, I went around New York with undercover cops, and they busted this black walking his dog in Washington Square Park. And while they had him up against a building, his dog ran away, and got lost, and I broke into tears. I guess I'm a crybaby. I cry over everything."

Her husband, she says, is strongly supportive of her, as she is towards his screenwriting efforts. But she admits that her threshold of boredom is low, and that the marriage perhaps would not work out so well if they didn't allow each other total freedom. "I don't want to feel I'm anyone's child, or anyone's responsibility, or that they're my responsibility. Todd's the *greatest* person I know, and he makes me feel I'm a good person, and maybe I am, because he claims he's never seen me being unkind to anyone. I may say something accidentally that I don't realize will hurt someone—but that's because I'm a big shmuck sometimes at saying the wrong thing. What else is there to know about me? You can say I'm a health food nut, prefer tea to coffee, and love junk food. And that right now I want to do a part that's exciting and that I feel good about. And I'm reading a lot of scripts. And that I'd rather be an actress than a star." □

Reviewers: Elisabeth Weis, Leonard Maltin, Hubert B. Herring, Arthur Knight, David Tahlaquah

Shampoo

MOVIES HAVE always provided a fantasy world: some degree of wish fulfillment is inevitable. We strive for an ideal, whether in career or hair color, but are so rarely satisfied with the results. Movies can replace pettiness with greatness, disorder with order. Sometimes, however, a film's wish fulfillment gets so out of hand that, far from posing subtle psychological threats, it becomes ludicrous. *Shampoo* is such a film.

Warren Beatty is the star and co-author of this glossy, superficial sexual merry-go-round of a movie, set in live-for-the-minute Beverly Hills, and it is his sexual fantasy that floods the screen. Wish fulfillment—for Beatty as well as for the audience—runs amok. As George, a hairdresser, Beatty lives in a *Playboy* dreamland. An endless stream of desirable women—notably Lee Grant, Goldie Hawn, and Julie Christie—beg for his favors (What does he have that's so special? Simple—he's almost the only man on screen who is stiff-wristed and under 50), and he obliges them like a sexual superman.

Visually, the movie seems recycled. We are in that all-too-familiar superchic world of Southern California: plate-glass-and-redwood multilevel concoctions, the sportiest of cars (George weaves through on a motorcycle). Superbeautiful people, superthin texture. The images are flat, lifeless, a mere catalogue of affluent hipness. We're on a museum tour of a decadent civilization, bereft of life. There are emotional moments



Warren Beatty with client/companion Lee Grant in his production, *Shampoo*.

—too many of them: Beatty's women scream and cry and sulk, all for the love of him, but they are not human. They are figures in a *Playboy* wax museum, frozen forever in their emotional cups. Beatty swaggers through all this, wielding a hair-blower as if it were a sexual extension, groping for more and more satisfaction.

But *Shampoo* does have a plot, such as it is. It gradually develops that the principals are to be together at a party (Election Day, 1968—a facile attempt to equate that day's events with the mock-disaster of Beatty's wounded sexuality). As the web of wives and lovers and former lovers is being woven for the upcoming bash, we hope for at least a high-farce explosion where masks are pulled off and profound, subtle thrills shake the room. But the director, Hal Ashby, cannot even pull that off. The climax sputters along, through one party and then another. Each step is drawn out:

George sneaks off with Jackie and is caught by Jill. A mere glance or lifted finger would have shown us eloquently how he loses both of them. But no. George must run



across a vast lawn, through a strobe-lit party, outside to chase a disappearing car (one down), back over the same route to find that No. 2 has fled the coop, where he repeats the whole process once more. I thought it would never end.

Beatty's sexual cat's cradle collapses into a tangle of limp string, and he is left alone, but his receipt of his just rewards is unconvincing. The message—that his world *must* collapse—is not a message at all, but merely an excuse for his fantasies. —HBH

Rafferty And The Gold Dust Twins

RAFFERTY And The Gold Dust Twins is a little like watching two movies at the same time. On the one hand, there is the *Rafferty* that introduces us to a seedy cop, a man who starts his mornings with a slug of whiskey and drinks his lunch before venturing forth to give driver tests for California's Department of Motor Vehicles. This part is very nitty-gritty, albeit with comic overtones. Indeed, *Rafferty's* pained encounters with Los Angeles applicants for drivers' licenses might just possibly spin off into a successful TV sitcom series. But one sunny afternoon while *Rafferty* is sipping his lunch in Griffith Park, he is hijacked by the Gold Dust Twins and forced at gunpoint to drive them to New Orleans. Just as suddenly, the movie shifts its mood and gears. From then on, it is a search for love and understanding among the three misfits.

Although John Kaye's script never seems able to bring into focus just what he wants to say about his people, the people



Alan Arkin with Sally Kellerman and Mackenzie Phillips (rear) in *Rafferty*.

themselves are not without interest—thanks mainly to the beneficent casting of Alan Arkin, Sally Kellerman and Mackenzie Phillips. Without grandstanding, they have gotten into the heart of Kaye's characters, and marvelous little things begin to happen, things projected by smiles, glances and shrugs rather than by dialogue. Arkin learns to see through Phillips' teen-aged hostility into the self-protective fantasy she has built for herself, begins to understand both her friendship for and her jealousy of the Kellerman character, finds his own sense of reality restored when Kellerman deserts them both to go off as singer with a country western band. The script, with its overtones of *Easy Rider* road movies, seems at once bizarre and out-dated. What gives it validity are the performances and the glimpses of Southwest lifestyles encountered along the way. *Rafferty* is a movie that leaves you not quite sure of what you have seen, but not unhappy that you have seen it. —AK

A Brief Vacation

A BRIEF VACATION, Vittorio DeSica's last film, has little of his earlier eloquence, but it has warmth, precision, and a refreshing simplicity. A near-perfect fairy tale of a movie, it stands as a polished bookend to a brilliant career. It gives the heroine—and the audience—a vacation from reality, a dream with life's complexities filtered out. The story is simple: Clara, a factory worker in Italy, has a surly brute of a husband, two children and a nagging mother-in-law. She comes down with TB and is sent, via National Health, to the mountains for a rest cure. There she has her moment of love—as if this were a universal allotment—and is quickly separated from her lover and returns home.

It's the old story—a tragic, all-too-brief love, Clara a mere puppet in the hands of Romance—but it's told with such an eye for detail that it's well worth seeing. Clara (Florinda Bolkan) is about 35, a beautiful, earthy creature with a

full, lusty head of hair. Hard-looking at first, her features frozen by her rugged life, at the sanatorium she blossoms with a subtle beauty. She is one-dimensional, defined only in contrast to the busy, often comic characters surrounding her; she acts like a toad that's been magically turned into a fairy princess. On the bus, simple Clara almost gets lost when a flashy model drapes an avalanche of furs over the adjoining seat. At dinner, a patient sobs "I want to die," and the doctors lead her off; the red-wigged "singer-dancer-actress" chimes in with "Oh, it's just too terrible, too terrible," and flicks the tension away. All is balanced.

The less Clara does, the more we notice her. At a concert, she has exchanged a word with the man who is to be her lover. Sitting, she is flanked by the singer, all roving eyes and bodily gushing at the music, and the overly furred model, who turns to her tearfully to say the music reminds her of her lover. Thus framed, Clara's slight glance and hint of a tear become eloquent. She shines out like a simple line drawing from an ornate rococo frame.

A Brief Vacation is a movie of black-and-white contrasts—between Clara's real world and her dream world. At home, a bare hanging light bulb illuminates smudged walls, tattered furniture; at the sanatorium she scans her spotless room, sees a modern bedlamp, and switches it on and off, in childlike wonder. Her husband takes her into a dark corner and brutally tries to force himself on her; her gently blue-eyed lover Luigi (Daniel Quenaud) speaks of love and flowers against a sunny, snow-white background.



Jack Lemmon (top) and Anne Bancroft (below) in *Prisoner of Second Avenue*.



The Prisoner of Second Avenue

IF IT'S TRUE that there is a thin line between comedy and tragedy, then Neil Simon is one of the boldest tightrope walkers of the twentieth century. Latest case in point: *The Prisoner of Second Avenue*.

Hailed as one of our finest modern-day comedy writers, Simon almost always concerns himself with unhappy people in unhappy situations. The humor usually derives from the near-absurd extremes of unhappiness they face—and/or from a series of one-line gags injected into the proceedings.

In *Prisoner*, Jack Lemmon plays an advertising executive who is fired after 22 years at the same job. Having to accept idle unemployment while his wife goes to work, compounded by the mounting tensions of day-to-day living in Manhattan, drive him to the point of a nervous breakdown. Pretty funny, huh?

Oddly enough, the film really works, because director Melvin



The Neil Simon "hero": loud, aggressive, frustrated—and spaced out.

Frank knew not to play it just for laughs, and because he and his two stars breathed life into the main characters and made them flesh-and-blood, not cardboard. We laugh *with* them, not *at* them. What's more, director Frank lets the comedy speak for itself while the more realistic, *humanistic* values grow out of the material just as naturally.

There are lapses, of course, as with a stereotyped movie-comedy psychiatrist played by Ivor Francis. But on the whole, the situations and characterizations are genuine and moving, as well as funny. Gene Saks, who has directed most of the film adaptations of Simon's plays to date (and often treated them like one-dimensional situation comedies) plays the role of Lemmon's protective older brother, and like everything else in the film, manages to stay just this side of caricature.

An added plus, of course, are those Simon one-liners, sprinkled liberally throughout the dialogue in the first half of the film. They come so fast it's difficult to recall

them later, but they have a punch and power that tops most of what we get on television these days.

Producer-director Melvin Frank, himself a pretty good comedy writer, has tied this package together with style and sureness, aided and abetted by Philip Lathrop's attractive photography and Marvin Hamlisch's bright music score.

Jack Lemmon, whose wounded-puppy countenance has made him the archetypal Neil Simon "hero" several times in the past, does a fine job here—alternately loud, aggressive, frustrated, loving, and spaced-out. Anne Bancroft is superb as his wife, warm and understanding but nearly at the end of her rope when she climbs back into the New York rat-race and comes home to a surly husband every night.

Gritty realism it isn't, but *Prisoner of Second Avenue* is a sharp observation of values and problems most of us can easily recognize. That it also provides some fine moments of comedy is a bonus for which we can thank Neil Simon and company. —LM

The Wild Party

THE WILD PARTY: Back in the 20s, Joseph Moncure March created something of a sensation with two long narrative poems, *The Set-Up* and *The Wild Party*. *The Set-Up*, of course, was filmed in 1949, and was a critical success. Until now, however, *The Wild Party* had merely lent its name to a routine Clara Bow movie. This new version, stylishly directed by James Ivory, manages to evoke the era in which March lived and wrote about—the late 20s, when Hollywood was on the verge of talking pictures, and the big money was still rolling in. Its central character is a fading fat comic (not Fatty Arbuckle, despite pre-release rumors), an ego-ridden star who has chosen to stay with slapstick despite the changing trends. He has just sunk his entire fortune into financing his own production, which he plans to premiere—and hopes to sell—at a lavish party in his rococo mansion. The guests arrive, many of them wheedled into attending. The movie is run off, and proves a disaster. But even more disastrous is the party itself, in the course of which egos and libidos are exposed, and all pretense of self-esteem is stripped away.

All of this, obviously, could easily degenerate into the standard Hollywood orgy hype, a sinerama of wall-to-wall sex. But Ivory, who made the quiet and moving *Shakespeare Wallah* a few years ago, is far more interested in capturing the authentic look and feel of an era than in exploiting its more lurid excesses. In point of fact, his wild party is fairly tame, especially by today's permissive

standards. His Hollywood specimens are rather like butterflies that have been pinned while their wings are still fluttering: Their life has become less important than their configurations. James Coco is especially impressive as the sad clown sweating over his failing career, aware of his waning potency both as star and lover. He projects at once the *largesse* expected of a major star and all the *angst* of a soon-to-be has-been. Raquel Welch is a bit more studied as Coco's mistress, particularly when she is required to act; but her reactions betray a sensibility—and vulnerability—suggesting unplumbed depths in the Raquel we all know and love. Perry King, the most *macho* of *The Lords of Flatbush*, proves no less convincing as a profile-conscious matinee idol of the 20s, and Tiffany Bolling is sedately sabretoothed as the starlet that Perry deserts for Raquel.

The real star of *The Wild Party*, however, has to be the Mission Inn of Riverside, Calif., a rambling, mouldering (although still functioning) relic hired as a stand-in for Coco's Beverly Hills manse. Here are the curving, marble stairwells, statued *galleriās*, gilded anterooms and satiny bed-chambers that shrieked out *nouveau riche* and *parvenu* for a whole generation of Hollywood's top stars, producers and directors. That generation has long since vanished, much of its substance wasted on the tasteless opulence that is the basic *decor* of the Mission Inn. But just as the Inn itself is a tattered testament to the validity of what once was, *The Wild Party* successfully recaptures that era's exuberant excesses with an unexpected pathos.

—AK



Berlin, Rebecca Diana Smith, and Roy Scheider in *Sheila*.

Sheila Levine Is Dead And Living In New York

ANY RESEMBLANCE between *Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York* and a book of the same name is purely coincidental.

This long, turgid, sentimental film is ostensibly based on a bright, sharp, funny book by comedy writer Gail Parent, who also wrote the film's screenplay with her partner Kenny Solms. But it's clear that the goals in creating the novel and fashioning the scenario were completely different.

Ordinarily, I don't think it's fair to compare a film to the book or play on which it is based. After all, the film is a separate entity, and should be judged as such. But in the case of *Sheila Levine*, the movie is such a turkey that I found it amusing.

The answer is clear: Gail Parent's book is purely verbal, and almost consistently hilarious. Certain set-pieces, such as NYU-grad Sheila going for an interview at an employment agency and



sizing up the woman who puts her through the mill, are priceless. But the humor derives entirely from Sheila's observations, for the book is written in the first person. Throughout the narrative, we see and hear everything from Sheila's caustically comic point of view.

Whether or not this point of view could have been successfully transferred to film intact is now a moot point, because instead of accepting that challenge, Parent (and Solms) and director Sidney Furie chose to change the tone, content, and style of the book completely. They even de-ethnized Sheila, changing her home from Great Neck, Long Island to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and rerouting most of the New York/Jewish humor of the novel.

What's left? A story about a small-town girl who leaves home for New York City, moves into an East Village apartment with a pin-headed, self-centered roommate, and sets out to find meaningful employment and a man, not necessarily in that order. She finds the man (Roy Scheider), almost immediately but, thinking she's been burned, leaves him, much to her ultimate and prolonged regret.

Jeannie Berlin (best remembered for *The Heartbreak Kid*) does the best she can with this leaden script; a telephone scene in which she learns that her sister is getting married is perhaps the film's high point. Most of the rest is muddled and melancholy love-story-stuff.

If a soundtrack album is released of Michel Legrand's score for *Sheila Levine*, it will neatly fit onto one 45-rpm disc. Two themes, and two themes only, are repeated endlessly throughout the



Sheila Levine (Jeannie Berlin)

film.

As for director Sidney Furie, he seems to have what Irving Thalberg once called a "footage fetish." Like his other recent releases (*Lady Sings the Blues*, *Hit*) this one just goes on and on and on. A competent if unexceptional filmmaker, Furie seems to love his work so much that he thinks we will, too, even when the excessive

running-time presents nothing but elongations and repetitions of what we've already seen.

Gail Parent's book *Sheila Levine is Dead and Living in New York* is not a literary masterpiece, but it is a funny and pointedly perceptive novel. Unfortunately, the movie of the same name has none of those qualities. It's just dead. — LM

The Stepford Wives

NOW THERE is a feminist horror movie. *The Stepford Wives* portrays a suburban community whose women completely fulfill male chauvinist and TV commercial fantasies. This vision of the American woman reduced to the role of happy housewife and sex object, the film suggests, is as monstrous as the sight of any conventional movie monster of old. This is an eminently valid

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Katherine Ross, Paula Prentiss and Nanette Newman in *The Stepford Wives*.

Laughter and Other Vices

By Leonard Maltin

SINCE A MAJOR Harold Lloyd revival is in the works (his films are being reissued in both movie theatres and on TV) it is only appropriate that a new, 1970s-eye-view of his career be published. The job has been undertaken by Richard Schickel in *Harold Lloyd: The Shape of Laughter* (New York Graphic Society, \$14.50) and the result is a surprisingly absorbing and insightful essay.

Schickel's major theme is an exploration of the Harold Lloyd Dilemma, to wit: there is no denying that Lloyd's films are extremely funny, and it is a matter of record that they were enormously popular. So why can't we muster the same enthusiasm and affection for Lloyd that we bestow on such colleagues as Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton, or Laurel and Hardy? The solution of this dilemma is both surprising and self-evident as Schickel reveals the major likenesses between Lloyd off-screen and "The Glasses Character" on-screen.

In a very real sense, they were one and the same; very much a product of the times, and (on-screen) a reflection of the 1920s' bright-eyed optimism. But Lloyd, in life and on film, was without depth, and truly without warmth; this is the key to understanding his strengths and weaknesses.

Schickel also provides some tantalizing glimpses into Lloyd's private life, so long believed to have been a Utopian existence. But the shattering realities of the situation and the revelation of his wife and children's great unhappiness only whets one's appetite to learn more of the story.



In his introduction, the author notes that there has never been a definitive volume on this major figure in movie history. Unfortunately, that gap remains to be filled, for despite the excellence of Schickel's essay, and the attractive still photos that accompany a chronology of Lloyd's feature-films, the book is far from complete. The publishers didn't see fit to include a complete list of credits for each of Lloyd's relatively few feature films, and even admit that they turned down the opportunity to publish a valuable piece of research by historian Eileen Bowser on the comedian's early short films, about which little is known. It wouldn't have been any great effort to devote a few more pages to this kind of factual material, but as with so many publishers, the Graphic Society apparently felt that no one would really care about such minutiae and let it go

instead. There are also some occasional errors of fact (like a repetition of the old saw about Keaton getting his start with Sennett, which simply isn't true).

Still, *The Shape of Laughter* is well worthwhile, because Schickel's essay does include a general survey of Lloyd's career with individual critiques on each of his feature-films. It just seems a shame that this couldn't have been supplemented with additional material that would have made it the book for all time on Harold Lloyd.

* * * *

Speaking of comedians, I can think of about a dozen books on the Marx Brothers off the top of my head (two of them are mentioned below, in fact)...but there are a literal handful on Laurel and Hardy, who haven't enjoyed the same microscopic inspection devoted to Groucho, Harpo, Chico, et al. Not that their films, or their lives, are any less interesting, but now, as in the 1920s and 30s, Stan and Ollie are rather taken for granted, much enjoyed but little studied, and as yet don't have as much of a cult following compared to the Marxes.

Now, John McCabe, the man who played a major role in reviving what interest there is in the team with his wonderful and warm biography *Mr. Laurel and Mr. Hardy*, has written a companion volume called *The Comedy World of Stan Laurel* (Doubleday, \$6.95) that focuses on the more active and interesting member of the duo. Although they shared the work and the laughs 50-50 on screen, Laurel was "the brains of the outfit" off-screen. Comedy was his life, and he labored mightily to create some of the

funniest films ever made. Combining interviews with both the late comedian and several key associates from his early life, McCabe paints an even clearer picture of Stan's formative years as an entertainer and screen comic than emerged in his first book... and augments an already-vivid recreation of how the classic Laurel and Hardy movies were made at the comedy-conscious Hal Roach studio.

Unlike the first book (still available as a Signet paperback) *The Comedy World* is clearly aimed at L&H buffs, rather than the uninitiated. For the former group, there are some special bonuses: transcriptions of the skits Stan Laurel wrote for the team's British music-hall tours, and outlines for other gag and story ideas that never came to fruition. For good measure, there are some rare and interesting photos. The whole package is tied together with the grace and wit that characterizes all of McCabe's writing.

Hooray for Captain Spaulding is the latest paper-reproduction of a movie by the diligent Richard J. Anobile. This time he sets down in print the marvelous dialogue and visual lunacy of the Marx Brothers' *Animal Crackers*. A book like this is the next best thing to having the movie itself, especially if you dote on dialogue like Groucho's famous African lecture ("After fifteen days on the water and six on the boat..."). It's published by Crown at \$8.50.

A very different kind of film-on-paper project is Herman G. Weinberg's reconstruction of *The Complete Wedding March* of

Erich von Stroheim (Little Brown, \$19.95). Anyone who has been privileged to see this remarkable 1928 film will be absorbed by the story of its creation and the revelation of what constituted the film's second half, never seen in this country and no longer extant.

In his lengthy introductory essay, Weinberg traces not only the genesis of the film as part of von Stroheim's life and work, but also the background of the Hapsburg Vienna that the director sought to recapture on film. One is tempted to say that there is perhaps more material on *Alt Wien* than the reader really wants to learn, but after digesting the author's illuminating discourse on the importance that detail plays in the creation of a work of art such as von Stroheim's, one feels inspired to press on gratefully and absorb as much as possible in order to appreciate that work.

The combination of 255 photos (exquisitely reproduced on fine-quality paper), extracts from the original screenplay, and commentary by Weinberg preserve the narrative and some of the impact of this powerful film, although having recently reviewed *The Wedding March* I do miss having certain memorable images to study more closely (the organist's hands turning into skeletons while playing the wedding march... the "Iron Man" laughing at the film's conclusion, etc.).

Weinberg has long been recognized as the most literate and raconteurish of all film historians; his writing is liberally sprinkled with quotes from Rilke, Kafka, Picasso, and Arthur Schnitzler, to name a few. In his own individual style, he manages to explain the

contexts that give real meaning to von Stroheim's aborted masterpiece of life in pre-war Vienna, *The Wedding March*.

From the sublime to the ridiculous: I don't think there are many of us who can resist movie-star gossip, especially when it manages to stay this side of the *National Enquirer*. Two books that cater to our fascination for filmdom are a new biography of Ava Gardner, and the latest volume in Richard Lamparski's series *Whatever Became Of...* (Fifth Volume, published by Crown, \$6.95).

Some of Lamparski's earlier works were tinged with a bitterness that made them difficult to accept. After all, if we're starry-eyed enough to be interested in these former celebrities, we're also just misty-eyed enough to want to hear some happy endings. As it happens, Volume Five is short on tragedy and dissipation and long on chatter about what's become of such one-time celebrities as Jane Frazee, Lee Bowman, Anne Shirley, The Mauch Twins, Sue Carol, Jeffrey Lynn, and ninety-odd others, including a passel of radio personalities and once-news-worthy citizens. While the author's mini-essays on their careers and current whereabouts are interesting to browse, the real attraction is (of course) the then-and-now photographs, often unfair because the "then" poses were meticulously prepared (and retouched) studio portraits and the "now" examples are candid snapshots. Still, Volume Five presents a fairly healthy lot, and if one really worries about growing old there are reassuring poses of Gene Raymond, June Lang, Neil

Hamilton, and Gail Patrick to boost the spirits.

Charles Higham's *Ava* (Dela-corte Press, \$7.95) is a light and readable biography of Ava Gardner. Higham has done his homework well, and thanks largely to the many people who spoke candidly to him about the lady, his book emerges as a reasonably full-blooded biography and not merely a clipping-book culled from old newspaper files.

Miss Gardner, besides being one of the most beautiful women in the world and a living personification of the term Movie Star, is apparently a devilishly complex person with a trunkload of traumas that have dogged her throughout her personal and professional life. Through an amalgam of anecdotes, interviews, and observations, Higham paints a portrait of the woman that rings true, and only occasionally falls back on the superficial press-agent puffery to fill out its pages. Because Ava Gardner was so much a product of the American Dream process, moving from a backward farm existence in North Carolina to an MGM contract in a matter of a few short years, the reader feels particular identification—and pain—in the recounting of her early success, and her harrowing mis-marriages to Mickey Rooney, Artie Shaw, and Frank Sinatra.

For film buffs, *Ava* also provides a string of fascinating descriptions of how Miss Gardner's various films were made; background material on *The Killers*, *Mogambo*, *The Barefoot Contessa*, *The Night of the Iguana* and many others, give the book an importance even beyond the usual star biography.



Paperback Film Books

Pieces of Time (Delta, \$2.95) is the story of a film-buff-made-good, Peter Bogdanovich. Running through this anthology of his highly entertaining pieces from *Esquire* (on subjects ranging from John Ford and Leo McCarey to Jimmy Stewart and Cary Grant) is the author's autobiographical recall of how the stories came about and coincided with his ever-changing fortunes. Together with *Esquire* editor Harold Hayes' introduction, these brief comments provide a rags-to-riches saga that would turn any movie freak green with envy. Fortunately, Bogdanovich allows the reader to share his excitement in meeting such long-time heroes as John Wayne and Jimmy Cagney, and these articles are undoubtedly the most enjoyable in the book.

Mary Astor's *A Life on Film* (Dell, \$1.50) is one of the best autobiographies in print for film

buffs, because Miss Astor, being as good a writer as she was an actress, manages to convey the feeling of having been in Hollywood during the 1920s, 30s, and 40s beautifully. Having described her "notorious" private life in detail some years ago (in a book called *My Story*) this volume, as the title indicates, concentrates mainly on her career. It's a warm, witty, evocative book—and one chapter in which Miss Astor details a typical day at the studio ought to be required reading for anyone at all interested in Hollywoodiana. As a bonus, there are some beautiful photos of this beautiful woman, and a list of her films.

On the Remainder Shelves

At the risk of mentioning their names again, I would like to recommend another book on Groucho, Harpo and Chico: Allen Eyles' *The Marx Brothers: Their World of Comedy* (A.S. Barnes, \$2.98). Originally published as a paperback, this 1966 work has been refashioned into a makeshift hardcover. It's well worth the price, however, because with all the books that have come and gone on the Marx Brothers, this remains one of the best: a truly literate critical study of their work. Eyles is analytical but manages to keep his feet on the ground; there are no lofty discussions of Aristotelean theory here, just clearly-conceived perceptions of the Marxes' work. Yes, there are plenty of dialogue quotes, and photos, and a list of their films (plus a useful bibliography and a sort of Marxology covering the brothers' non-film activities)... but best of all, there is Eyles' own writing, which is superb. □

VIOLENCE

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dealing with steamy emotions. But the negative steamy emotions—hatred, revenge, murderous jealousy—were easier to deal with. Violence took on an additional function as surrogate for sex, in a way which distorted the frequency and consequences of both activities.

What effect all the mayhem had on the collective consciousness of those of us who grew up with it is not certain and probably never will be. If the Code's enforcement induced violence as an alternative to sex, the Code also insisted that crime and violence not be glorified, justified or condoned, and violent crime was always punished in the end, by fate if not by law. Nobody got away with anything, no matter how badly story logic and common sense were abused to achieve the required retribution in the last reel.

A Beverly Hills psychiatrist, writing in the *Los Angeles Times* a few years ago, said that the real danger of the excessive use of violence in films and on television was the reiterated, implied message that only violence solves problems. It was not that violence looked like fun, it was that there were no other choices.

Yet no one really told us that in the '30s and '40s, when we knew that violence was a game the good guys always won. The worry about violence grew more real as the violence did.

The old Code limped to a dusty and unlamented death in 1968, after 34 years of mischief and worse. (Fritz Lang tells a story, one among hundreds, of an encounter he had with the Breen Office which administered the Code, over the script of *House On the River* in 1950. It called for Louis Hayward, realizing he had

strangled a woman, to cry "My God!" Impossible, said the Office; the man, being a murderer, was not entitled to invoke the name of God. Well, Lang inquired wick-edly, did the Office have a suggestion as to what the character could say in the circumstances. "'Good Heavens!'" said the Office, helpfully.)

The new, or Valenti Era, (Jack Valenti has been President of the Motion Picture Association of America since 1966) violence is more horrendously explicit than ever before. The special effects lads keep outdoing themselves in a way that would make Grand Guignol cringe. Brain matter splays against a wall, gouts of blood leap from every wound, the chain saw munches hungrily into bone and sinew, the blood-dripping innards fall toward the laps of the audience through the miracle of 3D in Paul Morrissey's *Frankenstein*.

Yet most of these uses of



Stanley Kubrick's *Clockwork Orange*.

violence are merely more sophisticated versions of the old ketchup trick. They may be gratuitous and bloody awful, but they bear the same relation to reality as Mickey Mouse does to bubonic plague.

The more interesting changes are less evident. Most importantly—and in the most controversial of the films violence has become not a device but a theme.

Bonnie and Clyde was about

several things, among them violence as an inevitable consequence of economic distress. Director Arthur Penn and producer-star Warren Beatty were very conscious of the parallels between the violence of Depression '30s and the ghetto violence of the '60s. *Bonnie and Clyde* became mythic, romantic heroes because of their attacks on the economic establishment—another of the movie's themes. The bullet-riddled ballet which carried them into legend was an inspired manipulation of violence, preserving through languid slow-motion a sense of the romantic but also confronting us interminably with the ugly fact of the slaughter. It was impossible, as Morgenstern said, to escape the fact that killing kills.

The Wild Bunch remains, I should think, both the most graphic and extensive and the most argued-over of the films built on the theme of violence. Peckinpah established his dark point of view—that man has not only a capacity for violence but a taste for it—from the start, with a scene of children torturing insects, and kept up the slaughter until it was impossible to leave the theater feeling anything but numbed and drained. (*The Wild Bunch* may be the most convincing argument for the Aristotelian theory of catharsis in modern times.)

Peckinpah, who is both deeply cynical and bottomlessly sentimental, doubtless had it both ways, exploiting the violence even as he condemned it and it confirmed his point that we exult in it. To disagree with him was to despise the film as a statement, for one had to admire his remorseless skill, and there could be no doubt that he was dealing with violence and commenting on it from a position that has been consistent through his work.

His *Straw Dogs* also made full use of the new freedom in depicting violence (including rape) and its emotional power was greater because the story was set in a credible present rather than in a storied Old West. It's simple-minded messages of violence as a rite of passage to manhood and rape as something women really like if they'll only admit it, were

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If opening up the screen removed restraints long in place, it also removed comfortable certainty. The confidence that virtue would triumph went the way of premarital chastity.

Time for Tributes

By Army Archerd

ORSON WELLES directed Peter Bogdanovich who directs Ryan O'Neal playing a director who directs Burt Reynolds who directs —himself. And Tatum O'Neal bluntly asked Welles, "Aren't you ever going to direct me."

Translated, the above boils down to the below: Welles is (hopefully) finally (after two years) completing his film, *The Other Side Of The Wind* about contemporary moviemaking, in which Peter Bogdanovich plays a young director. And this fall, Bogdanovich will direct a movie *Starlight Parade* about film making in 1910-1915 in which Ryan O'Neal will play a director, Burt Reynolds, an early celluloid hero. Sometime this year, Reynolds will also try his hand at directing. The film, *Gator* is a sequel to the highly successful *White Lightning*.

As for Tatum O'Neal, the youngster, her father Ryan's "date" at the American Film Institute tribute to Welles, found herself uniquely in a small group listening to Welles, in a suite at the Century Plaza Hotel after the 1,000 guests had long departed. No more than a handful of faithful had personally greeted Welles. And probably not more than a handful had (or would) hire him. Like an itinerant worker, Welles had been accepting odd acting jobs, using the salaries to help finance his films like the current, *Other Side Of The Wind*. Tatum intently listened to the pronouncements of the awesome Orson, and comments by his admiring, small



Orson Welles and Frank Sinatra (top) at the American Film Institute's tribute to Welles. Jack Lemmon (left) hopes he and Orson will co-direct some day.



circle of film makers. She then piped up with "Aren't you ever going to use me in a movie?" Followed by "Aren't you ever going to direct me?" Welles, his body heaving with laughs, smiled down at her, said he would indeed direct her someday.

Jack Lemmon, among the above, tight, little group, admit-

ted he had tried, "several years ago" to get backing on a project for him and Welles. "But nobody would come up with the money." Lemmon hopes they may yet team. "He gets me all revved up," admitted Lemmon (who once tried his hand at directing, *Kotch*).

What is a director? Welles answered, "He's a presider over accidents!" His longtime friend, actor-writer-producer Richard Wilson, who dates to the days as stage manager of the Mercury Theatre and followed Welles to Hollywood after radio days (including *Invasion From Mars*), claims Welles' best work could still come. Wilson says Welles never believed in the "master-puppet" philosophy of director over actor. "He gives the actor freedom to bring things into the picture, to help create the role. For example, in *Lady From Shanghai*, it was Everett Sloane

who contributed the cane. I know, I was associate producer on the film. Sloane devised it in the rehearsal period—which Orson always has.” (However, Wilson admits the genius of Welles and his great, magic mind that created the film’s brilliant multi-mirror sequence. “The magician in him is part of his greatness in creating movie magic.”)

“It’s odd to be on the other side of the camera,” Peter Bogdanovich admitted, after working with Welles in *The Other Side Of The Wind*. It was Bogdanovich’s first film acting job—although he had appeared on stage. “Amazingly, I don’t remember doing any of the movie scenes. When I saw them on the screen I had absolutely no recollection of having done them. When you’re acting, and you don’t look at a scene from the other side of the camera, you don’t really know what you are doing in the scene.”

But when I asked Peter if he’d accept another film acting job, he happily answered, “I can’t think of anything I’d rather do in the world than act. It’s much more fun than directing. In other words, I’m totally available!”

His next film, *Starlight Parade*, set in the early 1900’s of movie making will not, naturally, take place in Hollywood, which had not yet been born. He hopes to find location sites that can double for the period. Bogdanovich doesn’t want to build sets. “I had to do that for *At Long Last Love*, and it was too expensive—too ridiculously expensive.” In case anyone wonders whether Ryan O’Neal, to play the director in



Peter Bogdanovich tries working on the other side of the camera for once.

Starlight Parade, will resemble Bogdanovich, he says, “No—he’s a composite of several directors we all know.”

Burt Reynolds, taking director’s reins for the first time on *Gator*, is quick to admit he’s not giving himself any difficult histrionics to tackle in this one—and the logistics will also be comparatively simple for a Reynolds film. Reynolds recently completed his second film, *Hustle* for director Robert Aldrich, also his *Longest Yard* mentor. Although the duo talked, early in the film, about teaming for a third, Reynolds was conspicuously absent from the proverbial “end of the film” party. As was co-star Catherine Deneuve for whom Aldrich had built an expensive “vive la France” set on a stage at Paramount. Cherchez La Star.

Marty Ritt also acted for the first time in a movie, *The Judge And His Hangman* for actor-director Max Schell. Ritt, a rugged individualist on the other side of the camera, admitted, “I enjoyed acting thoroughly. It was nice not to have to worry about anything except my lines. I really found out what happens on ‘that’ side of the camera.” Asked whether he and Schell ever differed on interpretation of a scene in the script, Ritt allowed, “I found him a very bright director. I never discussed how to play my role. I accepted what he said—and did it.”

Elizabeth Taylor was accompanied by several footlockers when she departed sunny Southern California for Leningrad and *Bluebird* for George Cukor. First, the lockers were air freighted to

Gstaad where they were kept in freezing lockers of a hotel, then shipped on to Russia with her. The contents: California sausage, bacon and English muffins! What no Chasen’s chili?



Liz always carries food for thought.

Barbra Streisand’s hairbender record producer-boy friend Jon Peters is completing preparations to direct her next film, *A Star Is Born*, 1975-style, cum music. He answers the smugly-doubting film community with, “When the movie comes out, then I’ll either be a hero—or abandoned.” Tuck this away in your memory book to hail or farewell Peters. Meanwhile, he is busy studying the 1936 version, minus music, starring Janet Gaynor and Fredric March, directed by William Wellman who was also something of a rebel in his day.

Cary Grant no longer tries to correct columnists who would be easy prey for eager press agents



A well-upholstered Mae West at Friars Club party for George Raft.

who rumor Grant for roles in their clients’ films. Cary has no intention of appearing in any films, or on any TV show, not even for his own company, Brut, he says. However, he does make occasional “live” appearances for longtime friends. One such stand was at the Friars’ stag party for George Raft. Grant looked like a Cary Grant imitation. He was as gracious and handsome as the character he’s played on screen 40 years. Sure, his hair is no longer patent leather black. But, damn near all of it is there. And the joie de vivre is still in his voice.

But the years had taken their



Cary Grant makes a rare appearance.

toll on a well-upholstered Mae West who also showed up—among the all-male dais—to well-wish her longtime Paramount pal, Raft.

Grant recalled the first film he

made with Mae was *She Done Him Wrong*. “It was my third film. [It was actually his seventh. —Ed.] and I was just as bad in this as my first. But it did so much business, we did another, *I’m No Angel*. And I was just as bad in this one—but, working with Mae was tough for a straight man. She wrote all the dialogue and it was nothing but a bunch of non sequiturs for me.” But the career that followed for Grant was anything but non sequiturs!

Irwin Allen, producer of the most successful disasters in Hollywood history, is also the only producer we know who videotaped his own bachelor stag dinner-party and showed it to his bride-to-be the eve of their wedding. She is actress Sheila Mathews who played the Mayor’s wife in *Towering Inferno*. She survived in that film so I guess she can survive a stag reel.

Loretta Young was in the audience at Hollywood’s Huntington Hartford Theatre to watch daughter Judy Lewis in *All My Sons* starring Jack Klugman. The reviews were poor and Loretta mused, “Thank God I was never on stage. One bad review in town can ruin a play—but not a movie.” And she added, “Thank God I’m also retired!” □

VIOLENCE

(Continued from page 108)

harder to take than his well-founded suspicion of the latent violence in us all, advanced in *The Wild Bunch*.

If the opening up of the screen removed restraints long in place, it also removed comfortable certainty. The old confidence that virtue would triumph (or at least hold its own) and evil would be punished went the way of premarital chastity and much else. We are no longer sure that the good guy will win; in the wake of *Easy Rider*, we can be just as sure he will lose. Indeed, the last sequence of *Easy Rider*, with Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper blasted into eternity, as if on a whimsical impulse, by a chortling and anonymous redneck aboard a pickup truck, is as perfect an example of the new violence as Edwin Porter's trick shot was of the initial impulse to violence some 60 years before.

The old violence had, in a sense, fought fair. If the villain/bully/bad guy got in his licks early on, you knew he would get what was coming to him (and more besides) before the end. If the viewer's stomach knotted in helpless rage at watching the bound victim beaten, it would unknott when justice was finally served.

What if, as in *Easy Rider*, justice is not served? When injustice and evil go unchallenged, as they did following the murders of all three protagonists in *Easy Rider*, the viewer carries with him the fury of frustration—and the message—for a long time after.

The messages of *Easy Rider* seemed to me to be multiple. One theme certainly was that a lethal intolerance existed between generations, classes, and regions—in the U.S. of the '60s. But another was that you can't be free and

easy, can't opt out of all social responsibility. It is the first message which survives.

Disasters are a kind of violence and just now disasters are big box office. The two biggest of the disaster epics, *The Towering Inferno* and *Earthquake*, have both become controversial in curious ways. Writers who don't customarily deal with movies have attacked *Inferno* because its images of people burning to death are so literal and convincing. "I don't want to go to the movies to see people fry," one of them said not long ago. *Earthquake*, to a lesser extent, has also been attacked for making catastrophe so believable. (Architects have



Vengeance: Coppola's *Godfather II*.

protested that the damage is actually too bad to be true.)

The stir over these movies seems excessive. They proclaim from the start their intentions of being super-colossal, star-studded, high-budget, glossy entertainments in a very particular Hollywood tradition. And *Earthquake* especially, with Walter

Matthau's continuing comic antics, is at considerable pains to reassure us that the holocaust is make-believe. Indeed, whatever you see on the screen in those films is less affecting than what you don't see. Imagination builds steeper horrors than Universal can.

Violence sells, but it is far from clear that all violence sells. The super-active blacksploitation films and the Kung Fu epics (whose novelty already appears to be wearing off) meld violence with other elements. And there is at least some evidence that gratuitous violence does not really sit well with audiences. Consider *The Hunting Party*, in which a vengeful Gene Hackman, armed with a hugely powerful rifle, picks off one by one from a great distance the men he imagines have kidnapped his wife. Violence visited on those unable to defend themselves (the bound, the sleeping, those too distant to see the enemy) is, I've always felt, the hardest for audiences to cope with. Perhaps for that reason *The Hunting Party* was a commercial disaster. It was not about violence or much of anything else; it was an exercise in plot leading to a sour ending.

Movies in the last several years seem to be flexing newly-found muscles, unlimbering capacities for both power and delicacy. You feel, in a film like *Report to the Commissioner*, a supple new freedom to convey the whole violence of life, of which the guns and the beatings are only part, and whose scope is broadened to include the subtle assaults of corruption.

The new openness and diversity on the screen seems, whatever its potential for mischief, far less dangerous and oppressive than the monolithic tidiness of the old Code days, with their imposed moralities, their mandatory punishing and their single-minded view of the way the world must be.

Film now offers no single view of violence or anything else. Each movie sets its attitudes afresh often hinting even in the titles how hard its make-believe will work to make us believe. Within the diversity, there is room for the violence of fantasy along with the violence credibly rooted in life. □

**The special effects lads keep outdoing themselves...
Brain matter splays against a wall, gouts of blood leap
from every wound, the chain saw munches hungrily
into bone and sinew...**

FILM REVIEWS

(Continued from page 104)

premise, but the movie doesn't work as horror film—although it does have its moments as satire.

Katharine Ross plays Joanna, a former New York photographer whose husband drags her and the kids from Central Park West to the fictitious Connecticut suburb of Stepford. Joanna finds that all the other wives in town (except for the two most recent arrivals) are mindless mannequins whose highest gratification in life comes from polishing their husbands' furniture, floors and egos. A little probing reveals to her that the women had not always been such docile creatures.

Joanna's sleuthings are abetted by a free-thinker named Bobby, exuberantly portrayed by Paula Prentiss, who, incidentally, has the most fascinating female voice since Jean Arthur. When their only other ally changes overnight from husband-hater to devoted wife, the two friends realize that the happy-housewife disease is contagious. Thanks to Paula Prentiss, we really care about Bobby's fate, but it is harder to worry about Joanna. Katharine Ross plays Joanna competently, but she projects so little personality that we don't particularly care whether or not she will lose it.

It's a one-idea thriller. There are few chills, fewer insights, and no tense moments until the climax in the obligatory storm-swept Gothic mansion. We can forgive the slow wind-up in a horror movie if the ending is socko. But *The Stepford Wives* fails to deliver. It fails as a shocker because there is no more to the ending than we have already guessed from clues planted as far back as the opening title sequence—and even earlier, from trailers and ads in the papers.

A good idea isn't enough. We come to a thriller to be scared by what we see. Our patience deserves to be rewarded with the sight of either a villain as ugly as his motives or a cache of mangled victims. *The Stepford Wives* gives us too little visual horror, too late. Director Bryan Forbes does save one stunning image for last: a

lyrical ballet aux shopping carts in a supermarket, but its terror is more in the mind than on the screen. Since the idea behind it comes as no surprise, it doesn't have enough impact to justify the whole film. We are not easily



Katharine Ross

persuaded through the film medium that a metaphysical horror can be as awful as a physical one.

Still, we forgive a weak ending if the movie has been stylistically compelling all along. But while *The Stepford Wives* has generally fine acting, dialogue, and editing, it lacks succinctness—a high crime in the horror genre. Forbes alternates between lyrical and narrative moments as if he can't provide style and advance the plot at the same time. By the time story and style do mesh, Forbes has delayed too long. The "ultimate solution" prepared by the Stepford husbands for their wives doesn't seem as awful as it should. —EW

Hearts And Minds

HEARTS AND MINDS is a film which most people will not want to see and the people who do see it are not the people who should. It is not a pleasant picture, for it is a

STEP INTO OUR TIME MACHINE AND MEET THE STARS...

Jean Harlow, W. C. Fields,
Mae West, Babe Ruth,
Tom Mix, Betty Grable,
Rudolph Valentino,
Humphrey Bogart, Sonja
Henie, Clara Bow,
Wm. S. Hart, Al Jolson,
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FILM REVIEWS

film about the horrors of war—not the heroics, just the horrors. There are no John Waynes or Jon Voights rushing up a hill toward victory with a knife between their teeth or a rifle in their hands. Rather there is a naked little Vietnamese girl running down a road screaming because Napalm has burned all the clothes from her body and is still burning her skin. The film concerns the embattled people who are caught in the midst of a hailstorm of ideologies and technologies, where no one is sure of what is right or wrong, but sure that there must be something better.

in a whore house. All are aimed toward that final pronouncement: The war is not really over and will not be over until the roots of that war which are so deep within our civilization's consciousness are uprooted. We must know what we, as a country, have become if there is to be a future for what we so flippantly describe as "The



Scenes from *Hearts and Minds*.

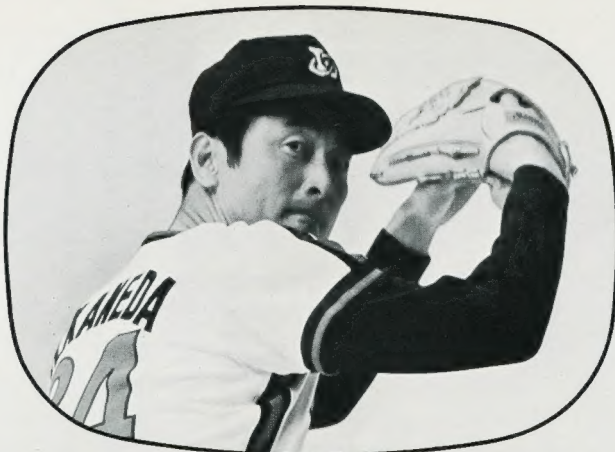


Two years in the making, the film vividly depicts battle torn, war-weary Vietnam during the 1972 fighting before US troop pullout. It also incorporates footage from the speeches and news conferences of Presidents Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon; exclusive interviews with General William Westmoreland, former Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford, Senator William Fulbright, former Presidential advisor Walt Rostow, and several veterans of the war. It is a devastating portrait of American foreign policy makers and implementors. There are other bits of Americana interspersed throughout the film—victory parades, a patriotic speech by a former POW, scenes from popular films of the past, football games, and a scene

greatest democracy the world has ever known."

In the words of Peter Davis (*The Selling of The Pentagon* on CBS) director and co-producer: "Our country has evolved a long way from the revolutionary society that overthrew the British in the Eighteenth Century. Especially now that we are approaching the Bicentennial and congratulating each other about being great freedom fighters and revolutionaries, we ought to understand what we have become. That is what *Hearts and Minds* is about."

It is certainly a film which has been edited, directed and produced from a point of view—that of strong anti-war feelings—but it is an honest film, nevertheless, and should be seen, pleasant or not. DT



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Walter Johnson:
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of all time,
Masaichi Kaneda:
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